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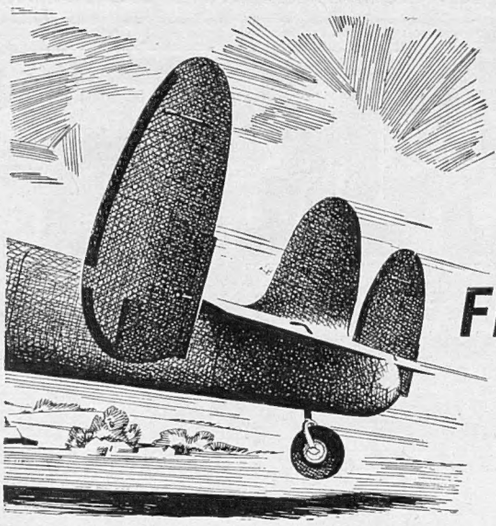

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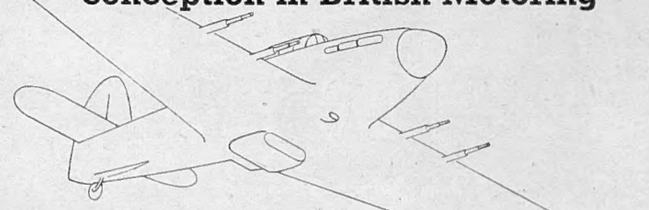

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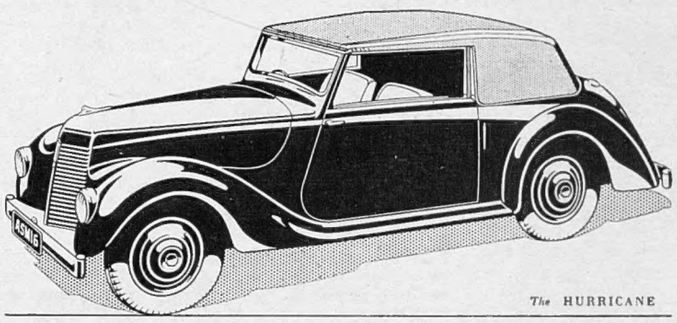

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Volume CLXXXV No. 2422 The SPHERE, London, June 22, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

RETURN TO PARIS — MR. MOLOTOV ARRIVES AT THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE FOR THE COUNCIL OF FOREIGN MINISTERS : The leader of the Soviet delegation attends the opening session of a vital conference

Despite rumours that he might not attend, Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, arrived at the Luxembourg Palace last Saturday, and together with Mr. Bevin, Mr. Byrnes and M. Bidault they renewed the conference which failed to reach agreement in London last September and which again broke down in Paris a month ago. They are attempting once again to make progress with the draft treaties for Italy, Rumania and other Eastern European countries, and at the heart of their discussions will be the ultimate treatment of Austria and Germany. Because of previous failures, the new conference was regarded from the outset as likely to be decisive one way or the other, as it has for weeks past been felt that the Ministers cannot go on meeting and adjourning without reaching some form of settlement. The opening session, for drawing up the programme of work, was marked by a friendly atmosphere, and Mr. Molotov waived his former objections to a discussion on Austria

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Back to Normal!—The cynic, if such there be, might perhaps have smiled in his sleeve as the holiday-makers returned to work, and the captains and the kings departed from the Victory Gathering. Smiled, because at the very last hour of the long-anticipated holiday the rain stopped and a pale sun emerged to jeer at the disappointed hopes of mortals. Smiled, because this nation got so swiftly back to "business," to its workaday mentality. The Government and the Labour Party to beat the party drum and blow the Socialist trumpet in the full moon at Bournemouth. The fashionables to parade at Ascot for the better part of a week. And the millions to resume the yoke and plough the long, straight furrow again until August Bank Holiday (with its high hopes of sunshine and sea-bathing); and, as a relief from collar work, to resume the normal (but never excessive) grousing and grumbling about queues and faulty distribution of food and favours. And Parliament will soon enough be back to normal after the nation's re-dedication to fraternity and co-operation, with the customary (but not abnormal) "sharp exchanges" and bitter taunts. The cynic may smile. But . . . aren't we all . . . ? We put on our halos and adopt stained-glass attitudes on very rare occasions in the calendar. "Hold that." We can't hold that long, even if we attain to the heights of Cabinet rank.

Molotov and Laski.—It is not seldom observed in the history of politics that those who thunder and roar loudest often have the meekest appearance. It is the sucking-doves that roar most like lions. This is true both of Mr. Molotov and of Mr. Laski. Each wears the gentle face of the enquiring and earnest professor or university don. A certain ingenuousness and childish curiosity seem to beacon through their spectacles. They remind me of gentle, innocent Fellows whom kindly undergraduates forbear to tease. But golly! What deceptive appearances they have! Can't they roar; can't they do the teasing and the tail-twisting! Were ever two gentle innocents so self-confident and so trenchant! Mr. Molotov has carried frankness of speech and truculent obstruction to a fine art. Mr. Laski lashes out at everybody. He patronises Bevin, coaches the Socialist Government from his Olympian rostrum and castigates the Opposition with bitter quips and complete omniscience. His confidence in his own judgment is absolute; he does not fear to make political prophecies which have fool's-capped the pundits from the dawn of history. He tells us that the Socialist reign will last at least twenty years. Very few men alive to-day in England would be bold enough to venture so far. But gentle Laski is *Jupiter tonans* and has a big following. And now Laski and Molotov are to meet and compose the differences which seem to exist between their two peoples. This time they are to play no costume piece. They will hold olive-branches in their beaks.

Atomic Plan.—The whole world, we assume, desires to be quit for ever of the terror of mass self-destruction by the atomic bomb. That fear hangs like a thundercloud above our heads and hides the blue sky of which man can still only dream. It is at least safe to say that all the peoples of the world, the common men, no more want another war than they have it to-day in their own power to avert or to make it. Whether or no there is some means at long last of putting this power (to make or avert) in the hands of the common man, it is not there yet. Wars, as ever, are made by a few leaders of one or more countries whose policies and prefaces carry them along the wrong road too far for drawing back from the crater-edge Mr. Baruch made a proposal at the opening of the Atomic Energy Commission which could hardly go further towards common acceptance by the peoples of the world: "Once set up and invest with plenary power a world authority to control atomic energy, and immediately we will stop making bombs, will destroy all we have made and will give the authority every secret we possess." The proposal is a bombshell; it is described as highly controversial. No doubt to several of the few leaders of the day it is controversial. But the common man in every country sees in it simple common sense, sheer sanity and utterly practical politics. The common man declares that such an authority can be, and must be, and must quickly be, set up. His leaders may raise objections to any and every plan, and, the trouble is, the common man has no means of outlawing those objections. And, of course, the same agreement between leaders which could set up and invest that authority with plenary power could dispose of every form of war and fear and could resettle and keep settled the nations of the world, feed them, clothe them and give them work and a place in the sunshine. Mr. Baruch says that the leader who blocks the setting-up of that authority is damned in the eyes of posterity. Unfortunately, it is not possible to hang him in the lifetime of living man; and there 's the rub. If Civilisation is to pull through, the hanging is more important than the damning. For time is of the essence . . .

House of Savoy.—The Italian plebiscite is unlikely to clarify the political tangle or make for a united Italy. I should judge that the House of Savoy will "stage a come-back" soon or late and that the dynasty will be kept in cold storage. When in 1870 Victor Emmanuel occupied Rome, he put the last stone to Garibaldi's façade of a united Italy. The dynasty lasted seventy-five years, diminuendo. It retires to Portugal (to wait for better times) with an Italy too equally divided pro and con a monarchy for any substantial hope of unity and constructive progress under a Republic. In the last decades thrones have tumbled down. The truth is, monarchy nowadays depends far more on the character of the occupant of the Throne than on the ancient traditions of his dynasty or on the political preferences of the peoples. It is unlikely that we in Britain should be still a monarchy to-day if the luck of the draw had not provided us since 1837 with four monarchs, each admirably fitted by character to fulfil their functions in the very different conditions and manner of thought current in their own days.

Who Pays?—The Socialist Government (I should judge) still has the support of a majority of the country. Perhaps that majority is rather less than it was six months ago. In Fleet Street—in this country's Press—its support is still a tiny minority, and it speaks well for the patriotism of the Press that, on the whole, by and large, the Government, and all it stands for, is so little trounced and pilloried. Most of the criticism comes in letters and sidelights and humorous "middles," and is directed mainly against bureaucracy, the plethora of forms and restrictions and the killing of initiative. The nation is pretty solid about foreign policy, and few writers dare to cry out about squandermania on social welfare. The Government is composed of many clever strategists in the party game. Its own publicity is good. You probably observed the B.B.C.'s description of the great firework jamboree on June 8, which left the impression on ignorant minds that the whole day was a beanfeast given to the people by a kindly and generous Cabinet as a reward for patience; paid for by Mr. Attlee and his colleagues! It is certainly odd how few taxpayers realise that "Britain" has no money of her own, but lives on what it can extract from you and me and from our labour. In short, that every penny which our beneficent Government spends and votes and throws away is your money and mine. And therefore it is sometimes quite right and proper that the Press should remind us of this undoubted truth by little sidelights.

A VETERAN OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR IS ENTHRONED AS BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS: The Right Rev. Harold William Bradfield, former Archdeacon of Croydon, preceded by his chaplain, carrying the pastoral staff, before being installed at the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Wells. The new Bishop is a Londoner by birth, and during 1917-19 he was a member of the City of London Yeomanry and of the Army Cyclist Corps, seeing active service in France in 1918. He became a deacon in 1922, and a priest in the following year. For ten years he was Secretary of the Canterbury Diocesan Board of Finance. Dr. Wand, his predecessor in the diocese, is the new Bishop of London

Melon or Lemon?—It is good for us to be reminded, for instance, that on the railways and the airways and in the ships that sail, an enormous proportion of the available first-class seats, sleeping berths and reservations are at the disposal of bureaucracy and "high-ranking" officials and junior officials, and that their tickets are paid for by you and me. And these minions use up most of the petrol available, and the fuel for heating and lighting, while they organise us and worry us and arrange our lives for us. You have only to tot up the mileage covered in a month by your local pest officer, rat officer, food officer, and what-not, to get an idea of the enormous daily expenditure in petrol, coal, paper, and so forth, on redundant, unnecessary, time-wasting, worrying interference in matters which you and I are much more competent to arrange for ourselves. Who pays? A grateful country? A beneficent Attlee? You mutt! *You* pay the whole bill, through the nose, out of your pocket, by your sweat and by resigning those comforts and recreations which might otherwise be yours. You signed a blank cheque. You locked the fetters round your own ankles. You expected a melon but the answer 's a lemon. There isn't much *fun* going nowadays, there isn't much chance of "going places," of change of scene. *Has it struck you of late*—perhaps the publicity accorded to public figures is rather overdone—that what fun and change of scene there are are enjoyed by rather too few of us? For you and me, it 's rather too much and too continuously like hard work. "Going places" is the perquisite of the officials high and not-so-high, and the chief seats at all the jamborees are strictly reserved for too few . . . fewer, I think, than ever in past times. For them the melon; for us, the many and the mutts, the lemon. It does sometimes look rather like that to-day. . . .

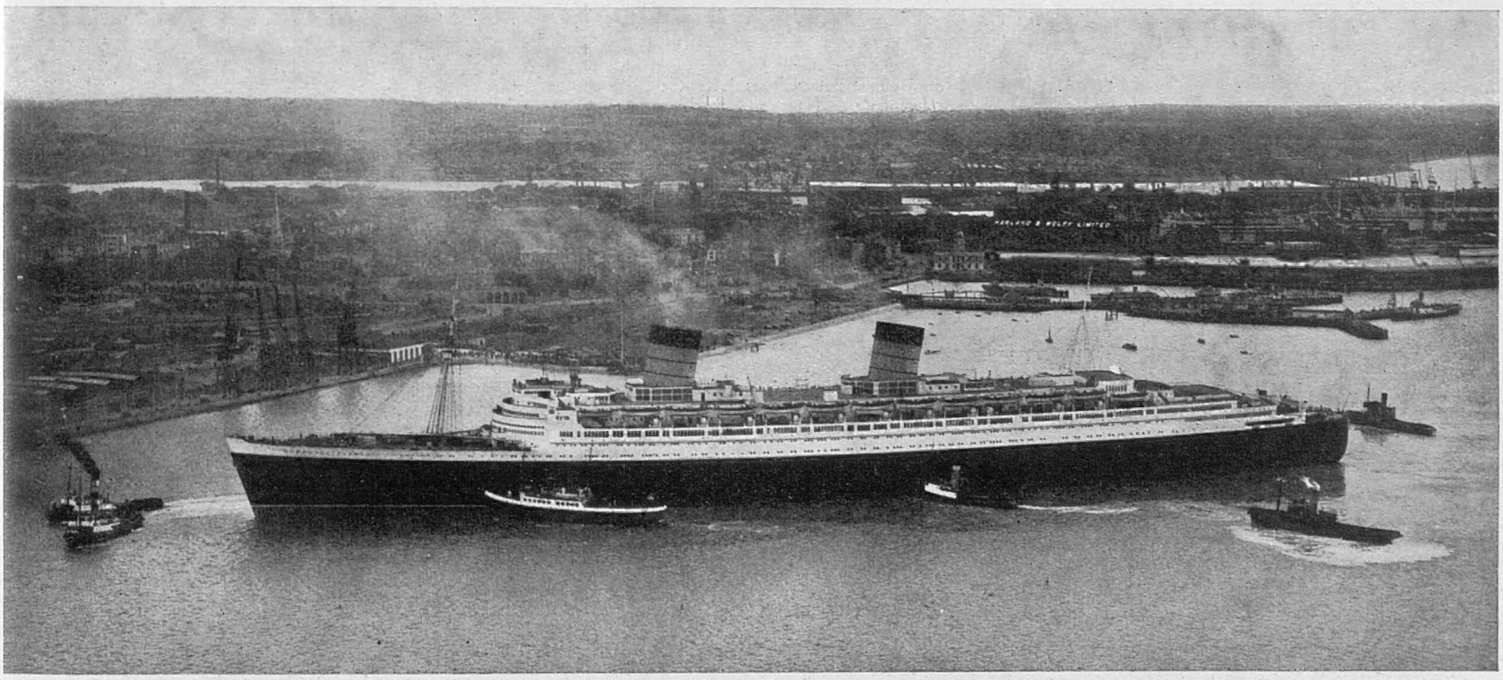
What a Summer!—The record of May and half June in the matter of weather was sorry and sombre enough. Jupiter Pluvius was in the ascendant, 5 ins. of him. "And when he falls he falls like Lucifer, never to rise again," or so it seems in wet summers to all whose few and well-deserved outings depend so much on sunshine. The Derby was run between showers and enjoyed by the damp. The Fourth of June was a wash-out. The Victory March was a short-head victory from the rain. The great river pyrotechnical display was a victory snatched from Jupiter Pluvius, who ran temporarily stale. London can take it . . . whether in the form of fire or water from the sky. But the bonfires on small village greens spluttered and gave out, and Baal refused to hear them. And always the wind blew cold and strong and evil, and the crops would not ripen, the slugs multiplied, and county cricket and other summer fixtures were washed out. We build our hopes of summer always on sunshine; and time and again we build on the sand. It is small consolation after a wash-out and wintry Whitsun to remember a fine and warm Easter holiday. And now we build on a summer in August—on the sands.

THE OLD STAGER

A MOMENTOUS MEETING IN THE LUXEMBOURG: The scene at the Conference of Foreign Ministers as Mr. Bevin, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Byrnes and M. Bidault started the vital discussions with a view to framing European peace treaties

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS IN PARIS

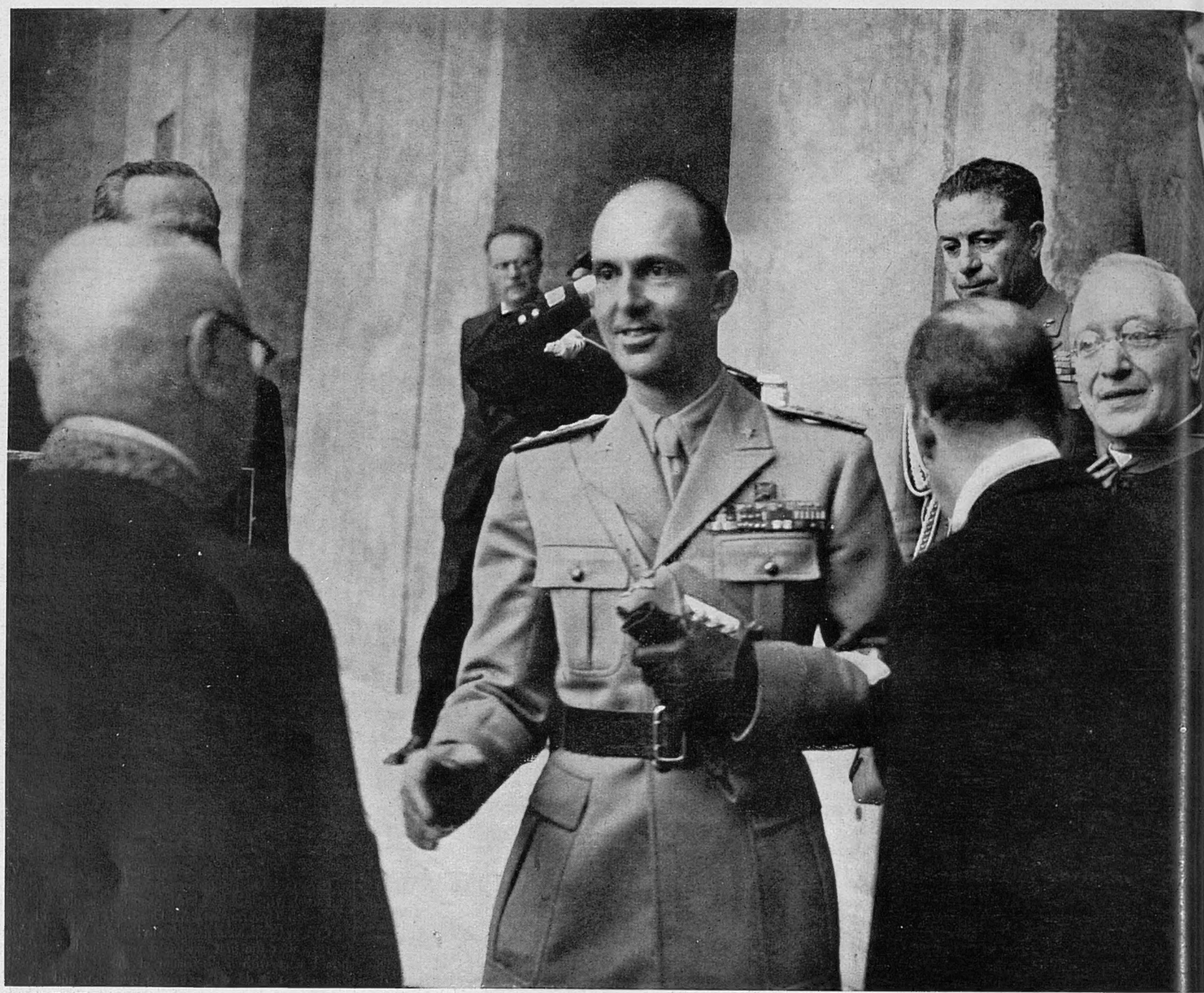
In this picture, taken at the round table at the Luxembourg Palace, Mr. Bevin, Britain's Foreign Minister, is seen on the extreme left. Beyond him, and reading in a clockwise direction, are Mr. Vyshinsky (Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister), Mr. Molotov, Mr. Pavlov (a Russian interpreter), Mr. Gusev (the Soviet Ambassador to Britain), Mr. James Dunn (United States), Senator Connally (Chairman of the U.S. Foreign Relations Committee), Mr. Byrnes, Mr. C. E. Bohlen (Russian translator for the American delegation), Senator Vandenberg (a leading member of the United States Republican Party), M. Bidault, M. Alphand (Economic Adviser to the French Government), M. Duparc (France) and Mr. Duff Cooper (British Ambassador in Paris). When the Ministers rose after the first session it was agreed that the agenda should start with a discussion of the Italian Peace Treaty, involving as it does the Trieste question, and be followed by Rumanian, Hungarian and Bulgarian treaties. The futures of Germany and Austria were also included on the agenda



THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IS DEMOBILISED: The 83,000-ton liner seen on arrival at Southampton last Sunday after making the journey from the Clyde, where she has been refitted and prepared for peacetime service on the North Atlantic. Her drab war paint has now given place to the once-familiar black, white and red house colours of the Cunard-White Star Company

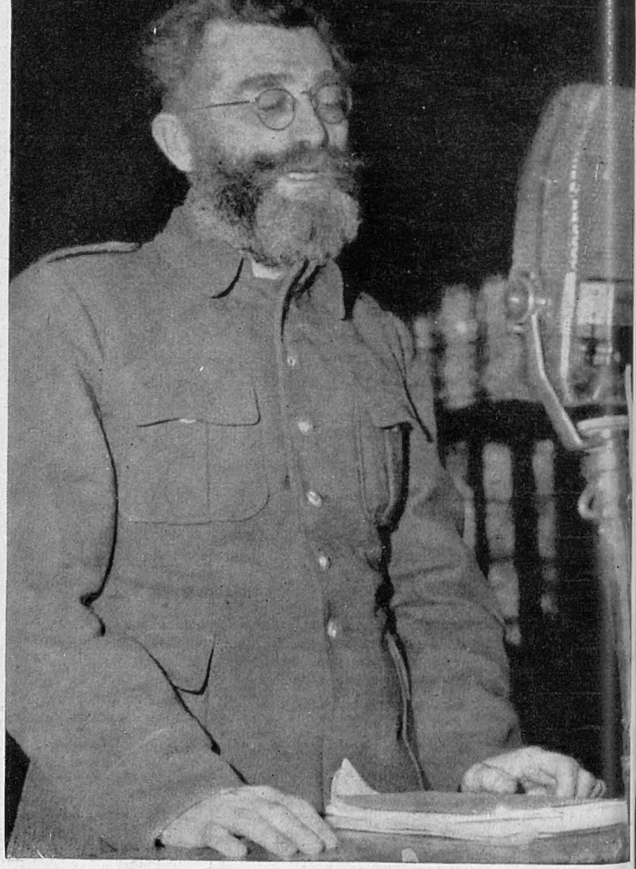
"QUEEN ELIZABETH" Sheds Her WAR PAINT

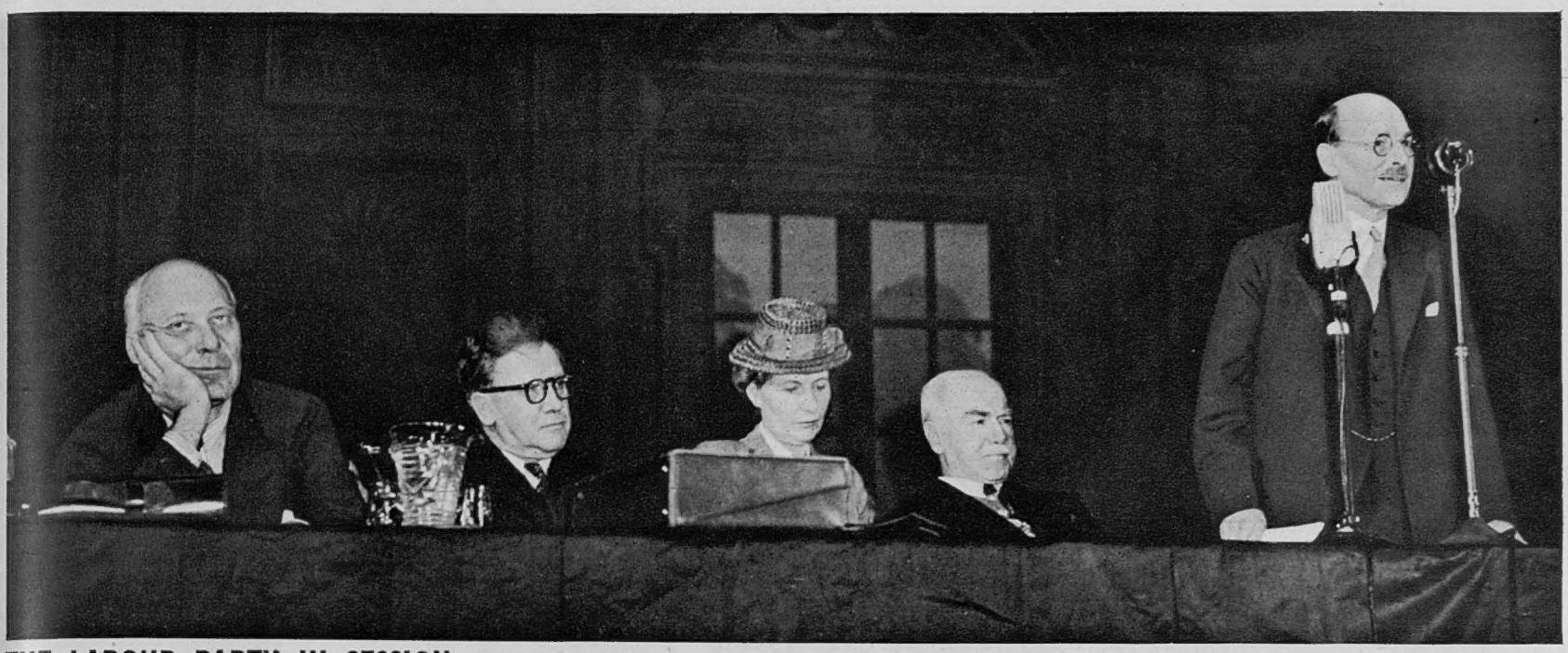
The Cunard-White Star liner *Queen Elizabeth*, the largest liner in the world, is now almost ready to enter the North Atlantic service, and, after carrying hundreds of thousands of Allied fighting men to and from the battlefronts of the world, she has now been refitted on the Clyde and has shed her drab war paint. When she arrived in Southampton last Sunday hosts of sightseers thronged the dock area, and smaller vessels in the harbour hooted a welcome as the tugs nosed the great vessel into her berth. The final process of transforming her from war to peacetime service will take place in the King George V Graving Dock, where her hull will receive attention. The *Queen Elizabeth*, with her tremendous speed, was one of the few ships able to travel unescorted during the war years, and it would have been very difficult for any submarine to have torpedoed her unless it was lying in wait within striking distance of the ship's path. It is expected that the *Queen Elizabeth* will make her first voyage as a passenger vessel to New York in September of this year



UMBERTO ON THE EVE OF ABDICATION—THE KING OF ITALY LEAVES THE VATICAN AFTER HIS FINAL VISIT TO THE POPE: Following the referendum, in which the Monarchy was rejected by a majority of nearly 2,000,000 votes, the King was received in audience by the Pope. In order to avoid pro-Monarchist demonstrations the King drove by side streets from the Quirinal Palace to the Vatican. His abdication did not follow immediately after the announcement of the vote, the King declaring that he would not cede the Royal Power until the Italian Supreme Court had made a formal declaration of the creation of the Republic. In a public statement, however, the King reaffirmed his determination to abide by the results of the referendum. The pro-Monarchists, who polled 10,362,709 votes to the 12,182,855 votes polled by the Republicans, subsequently staged demonstrations in Rome, Naples and Palermo. Two people were killed in Naples, and the King is reported to have sent emissaries to the city to urge discipline. On June 13 he followed the ex-Queen to Portugal

MIHAILOVICH STANDS TRIAL—THE CHETNIK LEADER AND HIS FELLOW-ACCUSED IN THE BELGRADE WAR CRIMES COURT: The ex-Minister of War (left), a bearded figure wearing a plain uniform stripped of all badges of rank, seen as he prepared to answer the charges of collaboration with the Axis brought against him by the Yugoslavian Government of Marshal Tito. *On the right* Mihailovich is shown standing before the microphone in the witness-box. When asked to plead the General declared "I do not feel guilty," but the subsequent evidence clearly showed that his officers had collaborated actively, particularly with the Italian troops. Asked if he created the Chetnik organisation, he declared that he organised the "Yugoslav Army of the Homeland, and that he was the first insurgent to take the field against Germany in Europe"





THE LABOUR PARTY IN SESSION—MR. ATTLEE ADDRESSING THE GATHERING AT THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE AT BOURNEMOUTH: The Prime Minister making the inaugural speech at the Pavilion. With him on the platform were: Mr. Hugh Dalton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Lord President of the Council; Mrs. Attlee; and the Mayor of Bournemouth, Councillor Robert Old. The Conference was attended by 1,169 delegates, representing no fewer than 3,289,000 members organised in constituency Labour Parties, trade unions and Socialist societies. During the debates there were some heated exchanges on the question of foreign policy, and Mr. Bevin came under heavy fire from some of the delegates. The question of Communist affiliation with the Labour Party was also tackled, Mr. Morrison explaining why members of the Executive were against the measure. Mr. Harold Laski was succeeded as Chairman of the Party by Mr. Noel Baker, the Minister of State. Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel, was appointed Vice-Chairman

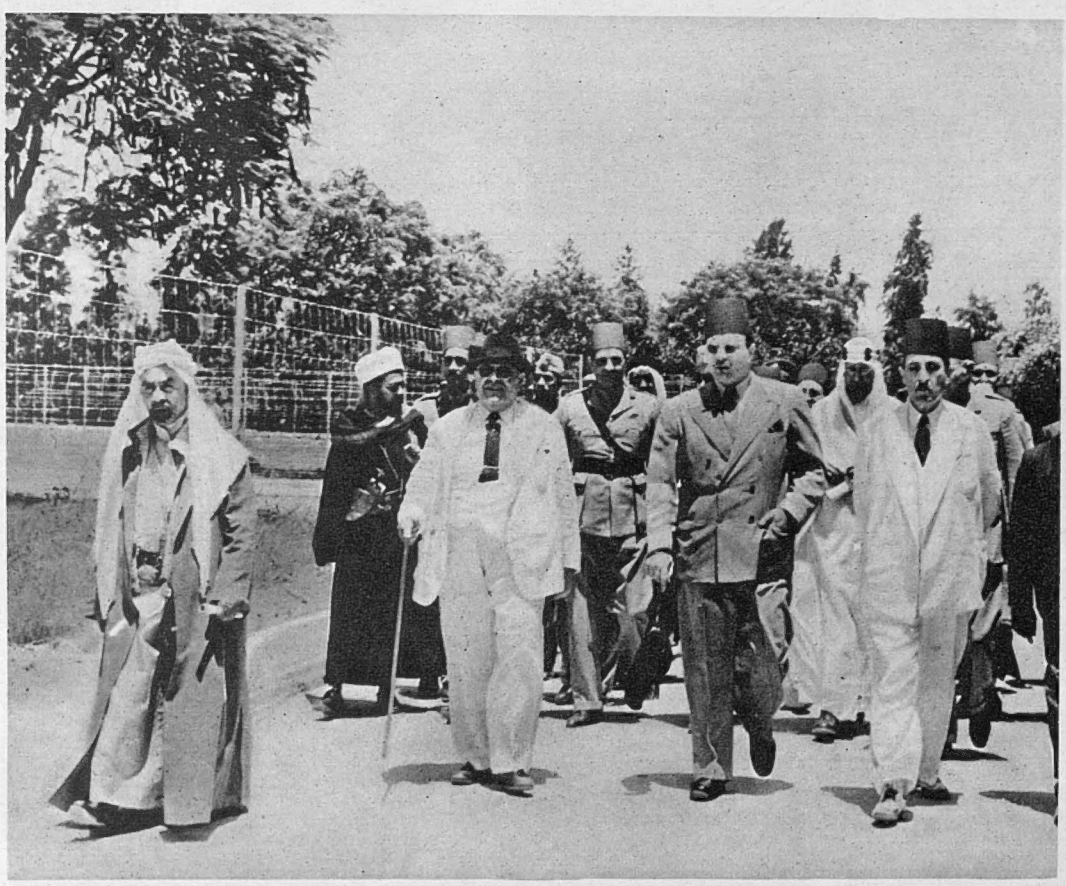
LONDON'S NEW FREEMEN—THREE CHIEFS OF STAFF ARE ACCLAIMED ON THE BALCONY OF THE MANSION HOUSE: Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, and Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope seen together after they had been presented with the Freedom of the City of London. A large crowd of City workers gathered in the rain to pay tribute to the three men who, individually and collectively, guided the fighting services of the country through the later years of the war to the culminating victory. Earlier in the day the three Chiefs of Staff had driven through the City in open coaches, and at Guildhall each was proffered the Nelson sword in token of the swords of honour which are now being prepared for them. Mr. Churchill was one of the principal speakers at the subsequent lunch at the Mansion House. On the following day Viscount Alanbrooke and Viscount Cunningham were both awarded the Order of Merit in the King's Birthday Honours List. Lord Portal already holds the O.M.

ARAB KINGS, PRINCES AND PRESIDENTS MEET IN EGYPT

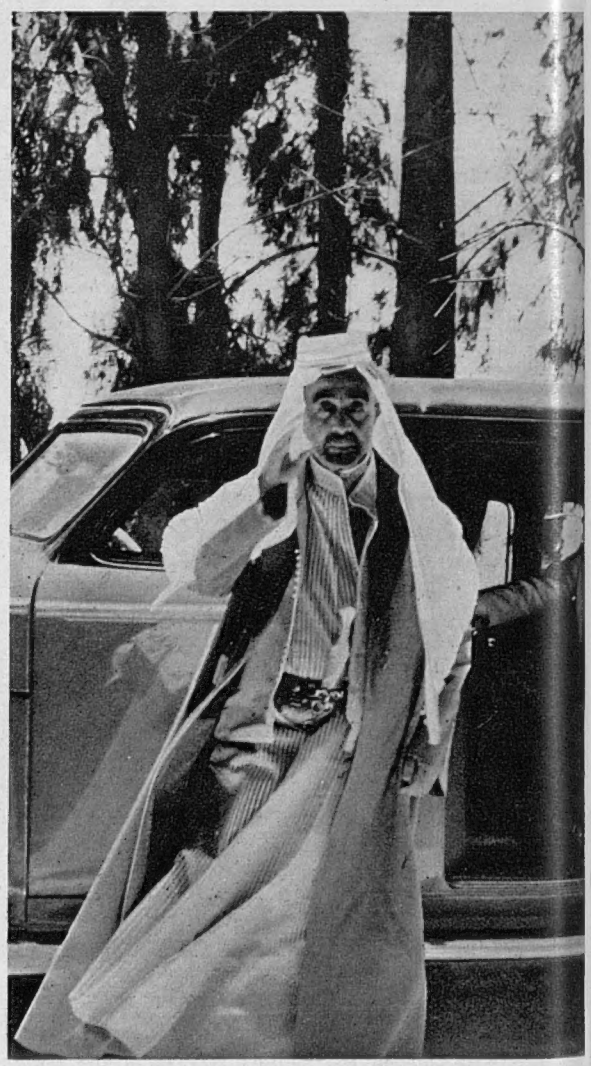
King Farouk Calls Together the Rulers of the Near East in Order to Formulate a Common Policy

KING ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN AND PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH, REGENT OF IRAQ, ARRIVE AT BILBEIS : The two leaders being escorted across the airfield before being driven to the Inshass Palace, where they were the guests of King Farouk and took part in conferences with other Arab rulers

HOST TO THE ARAB RULERS OF THE NEAR EAST : King Farouk of Egypt waiting to receive his guests at the Inshass Palace, near Cairo, where the conference took place. Standing on the left is Prince Saud, Crown Prince of Saudi-Arabia

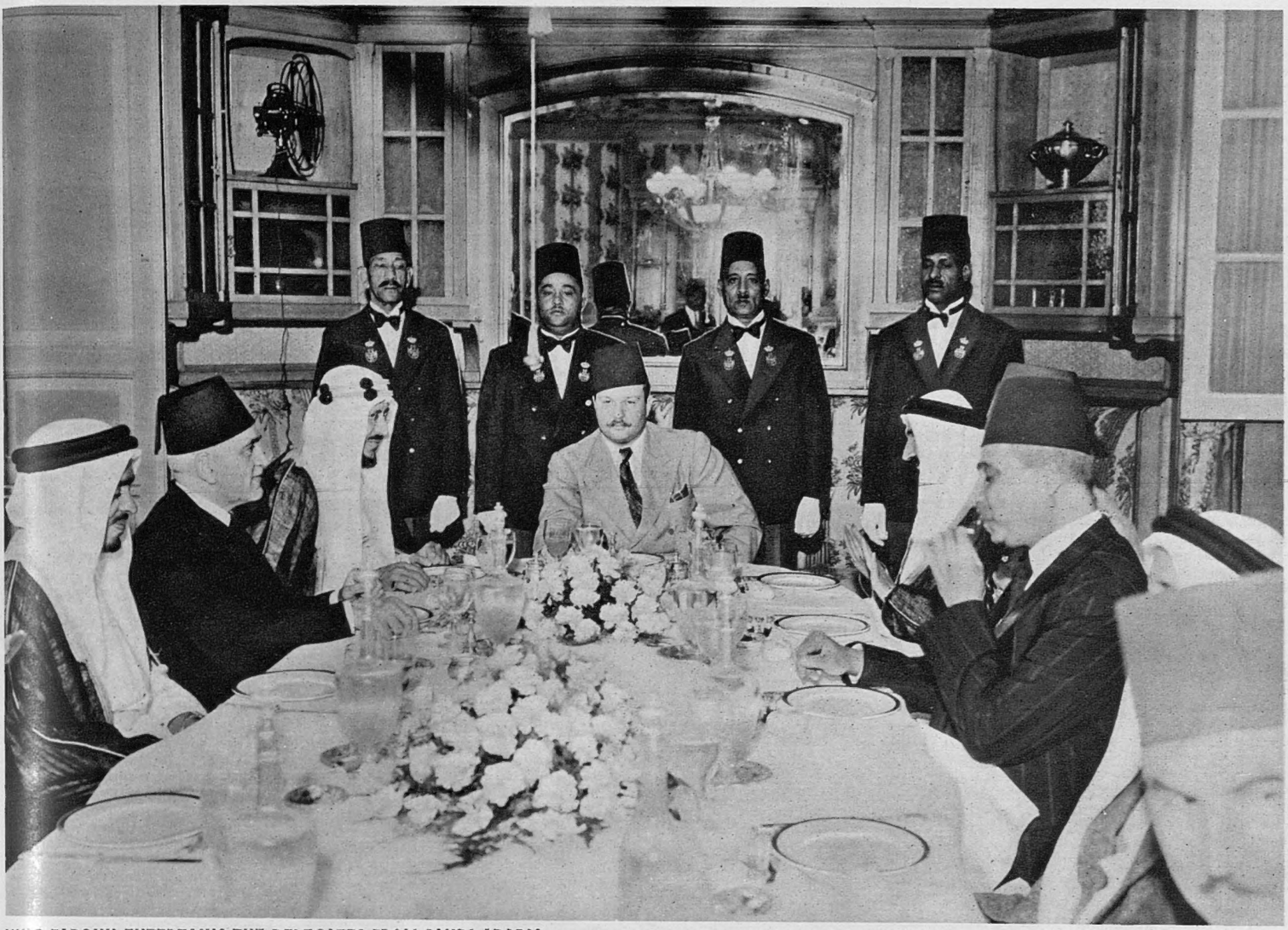


KING FAROUK STROLLS WITH HIS GUESTS IN THE ROYAL PARK AT INSHASS : On the left is King Abdullah, the newly-enthroned monarch of Transjordan, and just behind him, in a white suit, is Sheikh Beshara el Khoury, President of the Lebanese Republic. On the right, next to King Farouk, is Shukri Koualty, the Syrian President



THE NEWLY-PROCLAIMED MONARCH OF TRANSJORDAN : King Abdullah, whose country has just achieved independence and sovereign status, seen on arrival at the Inshass Palace

The meeting of Arab Kings and rulers at the Inshass Palace, near Cairo, where they were entertained by King Farouk of Egypt, was an historic occasion of the deepest international significance. During the conference, which lasted two days, the rulers of Egypt, Saudi-Arabia, the Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Transjordan and the Yemen sought to establish a common policy with regard to affairs in the Near East, discussing in particular the current situation in Palestine. In a joint communiqué after the Conference, the rulers declared that Palestine " is an Arab state and that all Arab countries should struggle to maintain it as such." They opposed any further Jewish immigration into the Holy Land, and stated that they regarded this as a violation of the 1939 Treaty. The hope was expressed that Britain and the United States would not do anything about Palestine which would compel the Arab world to retaliate. The future of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica also came up for discussion, and it was agreed that the independence of these two countries was a matter of paramount importance



KING FAROUK ENTERTAINS THE DELEGATES FROM SAUDI-ARABIA—A LUNCHEON PARTY AT THE INSHASS PALACE WHICH PRECEDED THE ARRIVAL OF OTHER GUESTS: On the King's right hand is Prince Saud, Crown Prince of Saudi-Arabia, and on his left hand is Sheikh Youssef Yassin, Private Secretary to King Ibn Saud. The Conference of Arab leaders opened on the following day and it was attended by representatives of Syria, the Lebanon, Transjordan, Saudi-Arabia, Iraq, the Yemen and Egypt. The proceedings concluded with a statement of policy, and a demand for recognition of Palestine as an Arab land

THE ARAB LEADERS RELAX—LISTENING TO AN EVENING CONCERT AT THE INSHASS PALACE AFTER THE FIRST DAY OF THE CONFERENCE: The visiting rulers are seen seated at one end of the Royal swimming-pool, where they heard Om Kalsoum, Egypt's most popular woman singer, who entertained the company from a gondola in the centre of the pool. Reading from right to left in the foreground are: Seif El Islam, of Yemen; Sheikh Beshara el Khoury, President of the Lebanese Republic; King Abdullah, of Transjordan; King Farouk of Egypt; President Shukri Koualty, of the Syrian Republic; the Prince Regent of Iraq; and Prince Saud, Crown Prince of Saudi-Arabia. The Regent of Iraq left before the end of the Conference in order to fly to London for the Victory Day celebrations

The BLACK MARKET—A MENACE to WORLD SECURITY

A Situation Which Calls for Immediate International Action

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE course of events induced by the black market should be common property to all politicians who take their self-sought tasks seriously. By feeding on scarcity, the black market promotes inflation. Inflation promotes a demand for higher wages to meet higher prices. Hesitancy to comply on the part of employers promotes strikes. Strikes promote an atmosphere of revolution by violence which risks promoting that head-on collision of two orders of society that would herald World War III.

The black market won't create war with Russia, but, unless really taken hold of, it will sensibly increase the eventual likelihood thereof.

How comes it, then, that the political leaders of Western Europe, who profess to want order at any cost, if only because the Russians do not appear to want it at this stage in Western Europe, how comes it that these men have done so little to attack this most mischievous root?

The most that any of them has done has been to wage a recurrent campaign against the black market, like Premier Van Acker, who is much in the lead in this matter. His latest attempt began with a 10 per cent. cut in the price of every blessed thing in Belgium, and with arrangements to gaol marketeers for long terms (failing which, we can all whistle for a remedy). In a previous campaign, Van Acker blocked all banking accounts with the idea of forcing marketeers to disclose the origin of their funds; failing which, they lost them. Holland has tried the same measure, and at least it has partially succeeded, though we should no doubt call it much too draconian over here.

Yet even the eminently practical-minded Socialist Premier of Belgium has failed to demand that the black market be tackled in the only way it can really be, first, held, then subdued—on the international level. For it is not only a case of a country going sick and spreading contagion across its frontiers, bad as this is, but because of the kind of people who are allowed to bring it about. It is now a well-established fact that bitterly-wanted supplies such as wheat, which are unloaded in Europe under the ægis of international relief organisations like Unrra, find their way *pronto* into the black market, and this has the dual effect of depriving the rightful consignees and also people—like ourselves recently—who forgo their own supplies only to hear of them swelling the pockets of foreign marketeers.

Pronto is indeed the word, since it looks as if matters may be coming to a head in Italy, into whose black market activities the Foreign Office has ordered a special investigation. Visitors relate that there is no black market in Italy, but that an "unofficial market" is thriving wide open and that restaurants and shops are gorging with food and commodities; and masses of white bread are on sale at street corners. They overlook the prices charged, taken in relation to current wages and salaries, especially the latter, since the black-coated worker and the middle class are the prime sufferers. The peasants get their fill, and heavy manual workers get greatly increased calories.

There is little to be said, however, that does not break through the following, written by a British officer to the "Union Jack," lately published in Italy:—

"The Italian Government puts the food standard in Italy at 700 calories daily, but it brazenly admits that the average Italian is able to purchase from the black market food sufficient to increase this to a figure well above the standard in previously occupied countries. This implies that the black market controls well over two-thirds of the country's food stocks. Are further shipments of wheat to Italy to be distributed in the same manner as before—one-third to the population and two-thirds to the flourishing black market? Is it fair that our own people should suffer for the inability of another Government to put its house in order?"

The answer comes from Mr. La Guardia—"Receiving countries must stamp out the black market!"—yet can it be called an answer, coming, as it does, from a country where, according to Dorothy Thompson, "almost the only flourishing business is the black market"? The worst construction I heard when recently abroad was that the continued clamour about an over-all starving Europe was, in part, instigated by international black market rings that fear that supplies may be reduced to official relief organisations with which they have well-hidden connections. Don't let that surprise you before you've seen a little of what's going on on the current Continent.

One aspect, however, does require to be seen in a more just focus, and that is the rôle played by the armies of occupation, principally the Americans and British, because they get issued with the most negotiable or "floggable" items such as cigarettes, chocolate, canned food and other PX and Naafi commodities. While it is quite true that nearly all ranks have aggravated the ill, and that half-hearted attempts to hinder their feeding the black market have failed, what the troops "flog" is a small affair when taken beside activities in the European black market as a whole.

One has even heard the defence that "flogging" by Americans and British has kept the Germans from going too hungry and forlorn! In any case, after August 1 it will be much more difficult for British troops, at least, to "flog" Naafi commodities for which they will have to pay by voucher against sterling. So we may revert to the infinitely greater civilian menace, not overlooking the fact that black markets exist in countries that haven't got armies of occupation.

In Denmark I was offered a whole pig for a used tyre, and butter at the rate of 1 lb. for twenty cigarettes. I believe I could have got a share in a farmyard for a suit of English tweeds! Switzerland has become the capital of the black market in foreign currencies. Scenes in Madrid's Rastro, where people sell their shirts to buy at black market prices otherwise inaccessible food, shows Franco to be keeping well up with the Western Democracies in this matter. Why, even in Ireland 18s. may be paid for a petrol coupon, and sugar, controlled at 6d. per lb., may fetch 30s. Tea and tyres are other commodities much sought after, while clothing coupons are hawked for the benefit of tourists. And what price the United Kingdom?

It is just as well for us to bear in mind, we who have bouquets thrown at us for our rationing system, for the way in which food, clothing and other necessities are classlessly shared; it is just as well to remember that we tolerate quite a formidable black market, though the way of one Food Minister was to "play it right down." I shall not forget the shock I had on seeing an article at the beginning of 1945 in the Foreign Office magazine *Envoy* (printed in French for the Continent), the burden of which was blandly and pictorially to deny the existence of a black market in Britain! The way of a second Food Minister was to employ the word "incurable" in relation to our black market, or a glaring portion of it.

How people can deny the existence of a black market in Britain when anything from turkeys to new potatoes disappear directly a control price is put on, is one of the mysteries—and idiocies—of patriotism. When Mr. Dalton was asked if he would legalise the price of clothing coupons at 2s. each, he was not amused. Again, the refusal of two successive Governments to intervene in the liquor ramp might have been the subtle work of temperance cranks. What with lorry loads of stolen goods "in short supply," and profiteering by people who laugh at the fines imposed, even if they run into thousands of pounds, we can take our place in the queue of the Democracies who are similarly saddled.

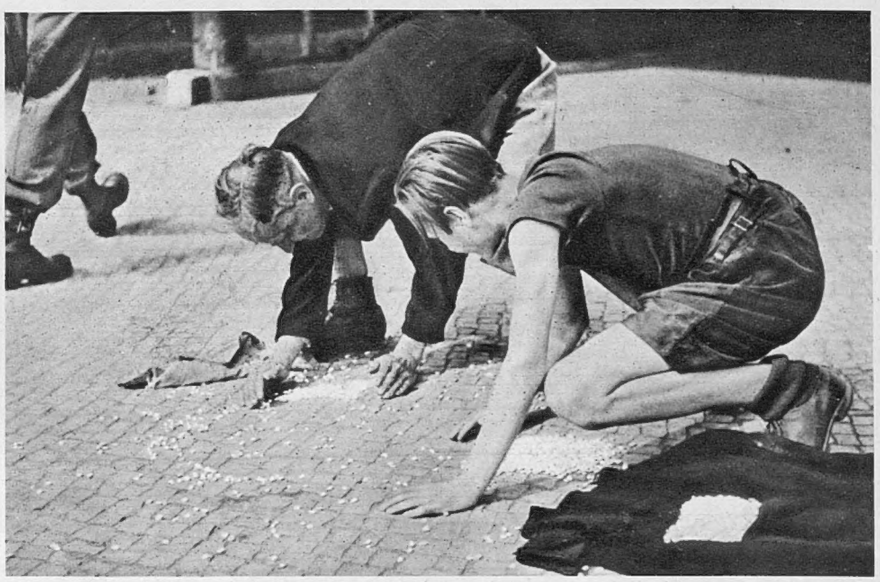
I'm not sure I don't prefer the way they do things in France, where the black market, barter, and self-help have been welded into a nation-wide "Système D," to which no shame is attached on the public's side. A doctor or a lawyer will exchange his services for a goose or a tyre. At least, it is all admitted, though the dangers lurking in the background are fully appreciated.

That the Russians would be unlikely to manifest any interest in a conference or enquiry designed to combat the black market, should only spur the Western Governments into taking unified action.

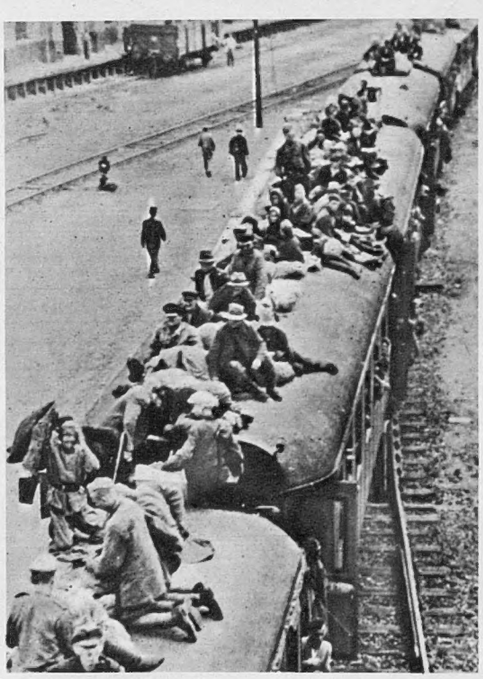
The Russians have got the reputation of having pretty well suppressed the black market in their zone of Germany. The remedy turns on banking, or the lack of it. The marks which the Russians give for the goods they buy go to pay German wages. As banks mayn't function in any way normally, wages are for most people their only source of income, which keeps down prices and helps to overcome the black market. The general effect is that marks are treated far more as real money in the Russian zone, than in the British or U.S. zones.

This is all true and serves to associate the black market primarily with the Democracies of the West. Why should the Russians wish to alter the impression? Yet it is equally true that some of the biggest black markets have been provoked, stimulated or sheltered some of the rawest black markets in Budapest, Berlin, Warsaw and Vienna. Soviet policy in Budapest was to wreck the pengo. An astronomical black market in pengoes resulted, and then the usual gorging beside misery well calculated to "show up the bourgeoisie." In Vienna, when workers staged strikes in protest against Government apathy towards the black market, they were told by their leaders to resume work and Viennese were left asking—why, if not to allow the ill to sink in further?

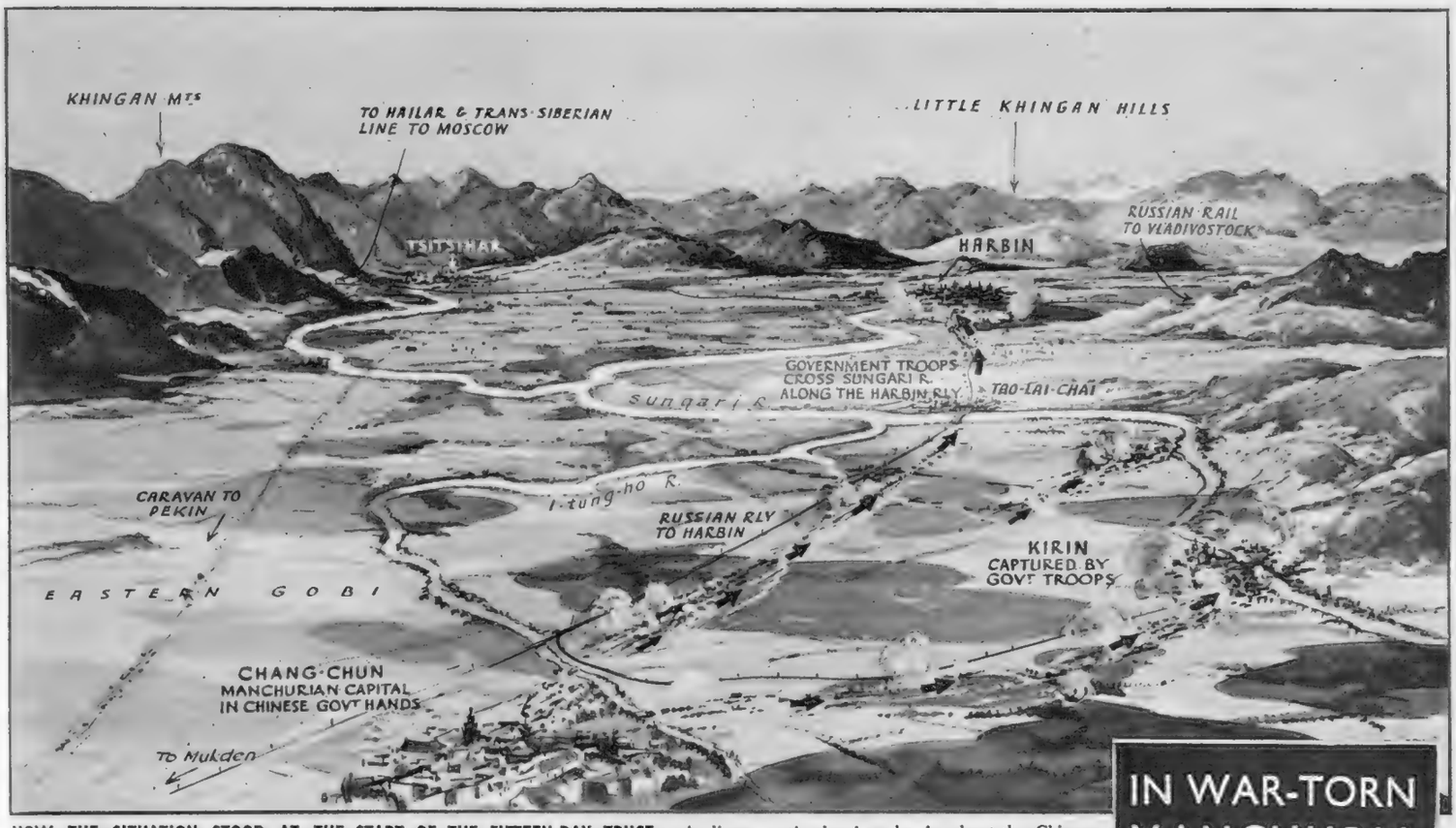
The Russians remove the black market in their zone of Germany, and publicising of the fact becomes one of the most telling of current shots in the Soviet locker. No one hears how they let the black market rip elsewhere, and the Western Democracies have only themselves to blame if it is turned against them.



THE QUEST FOR FOOD IN BERLIN: A father and his son picking up beans in the cobbled streets of the capital after they had been dropped from an Army ration-lorry. The boy has taken off his jacket and they are using it to hold the precious find. Berlin has suffered greater food shortages than the country districts of Germany, as in the city it is almost impossible to supplement the ration except by purchasing at heavy cost in the black market



THE QUEST FOR FOOD IN HUNGARY: Passengers attempting to make themselves comfortable on the roof of a train leaving Budapest. Many of these people are paying their weekly visit to the country in order to buy food. Having no money, they usually take clothing for barter



HOW THE SITUATION STOOD AT THE START OF THE FIFTEEN-DAY TRUCE : A diagrammatic drawing showing how the Chinese Nationalist troops had driven the Communists from Changchun and pushed north along the railway to the very gates of Harbin. Here the offensive was halted on June 7, General Marshall, the American Ambassador, having brought about a temporary truce in order to allow time to find a basis for a permanent settlement of the Chinese Civil War—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

IN WAR-TORN MANCHURIA

Where an Uneasy Fifteen-Day Truce Has Followed a Fresh Outbreak of the Civil War

When in the early part of this year the Chinese Nationalists, led by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and the Communists, led by Mao Tse-tung, agreed to sink their differences and to form one Constitution for all China and one national army, it seemed that China's years of wasteful turmoil might be over. But it was not to be. Before the new Constitution could be brought into being, the Communists and Nationalists once again came to grips in Manchuria, and, as the Russian occupying troops withdrew northwards, the Chinese Communists and Nationalists raced to take possession of the cities of the northern province. In the subsequent fighting Changchun, Kirin and other important centres were wrested from the Communists, and the Nationalists indeed pushed right to the gates of Harbin. Since then there has been an uneasy truce, and General Marshall, the indefatigable Ambassador of the United States, has taken advantage of this fifteen days of respite to try to find a basis for a permanent settlement

THE STRATEGY OF THE MANCHURIAN OFFENSIVE : A sketch map showing the line of the railway from Mukden, along which the Nationalists have pushed north. The Communists recently staged a counter-attack from the direction of Korea in the hope of cutting Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's line of supply

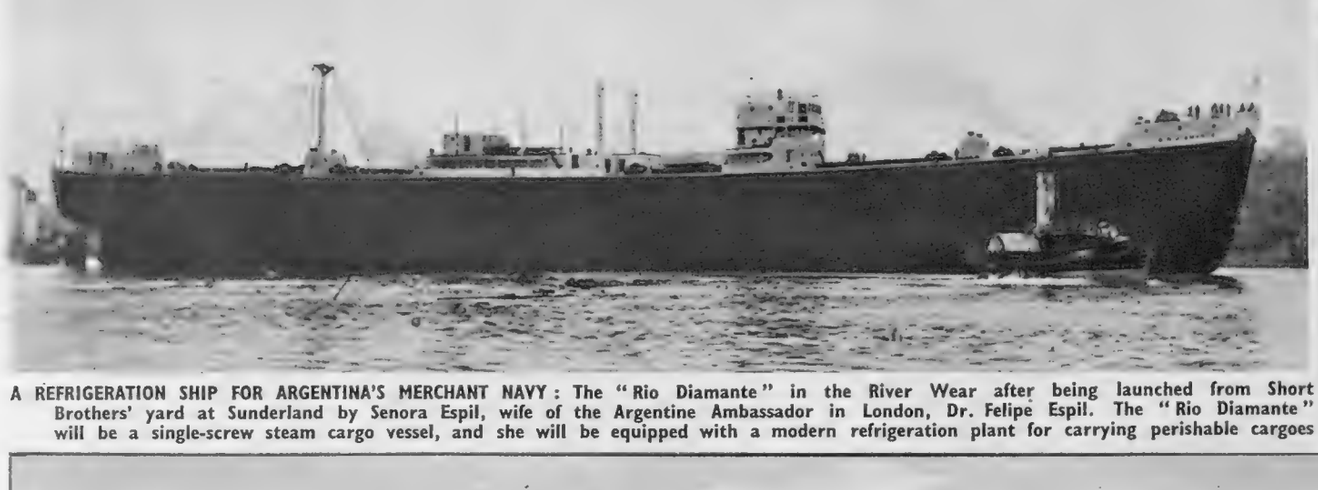
ON THE MANCHURIAN FRONT : This is Dr. Yen Yung, of the Communist Fourth Army. She was a nurse in the Nationalist forces, but joined the Communists in 1933 when they captured the hospital in which she was working. Later she took part in the "long march"

MEN WHO LED THE CHINESE NATIONALIST DRIVE INTO MANCHURIA : General Ho Ying-chin, the Chief of the Chinese General Staff seen with General Cheng Chan, the Minister of War in Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government. General Ho Ying-chin recently announced his resignation

A COMMUNIST LEADER IN EASTERN MANCHURIA : General Chou Pai-Chung, chief subordinate of the Red commander General Lin Piao, led the attack on Changchun at the start of the most recent phase in the war

A COMMUNIST LEADER IN WESTERN MANCHURIA : General Liu Chun Tsao, who has been fighting the Nationalists in the area just to the west of the Mukden-Harbin railway. He is also under General Lin Piao

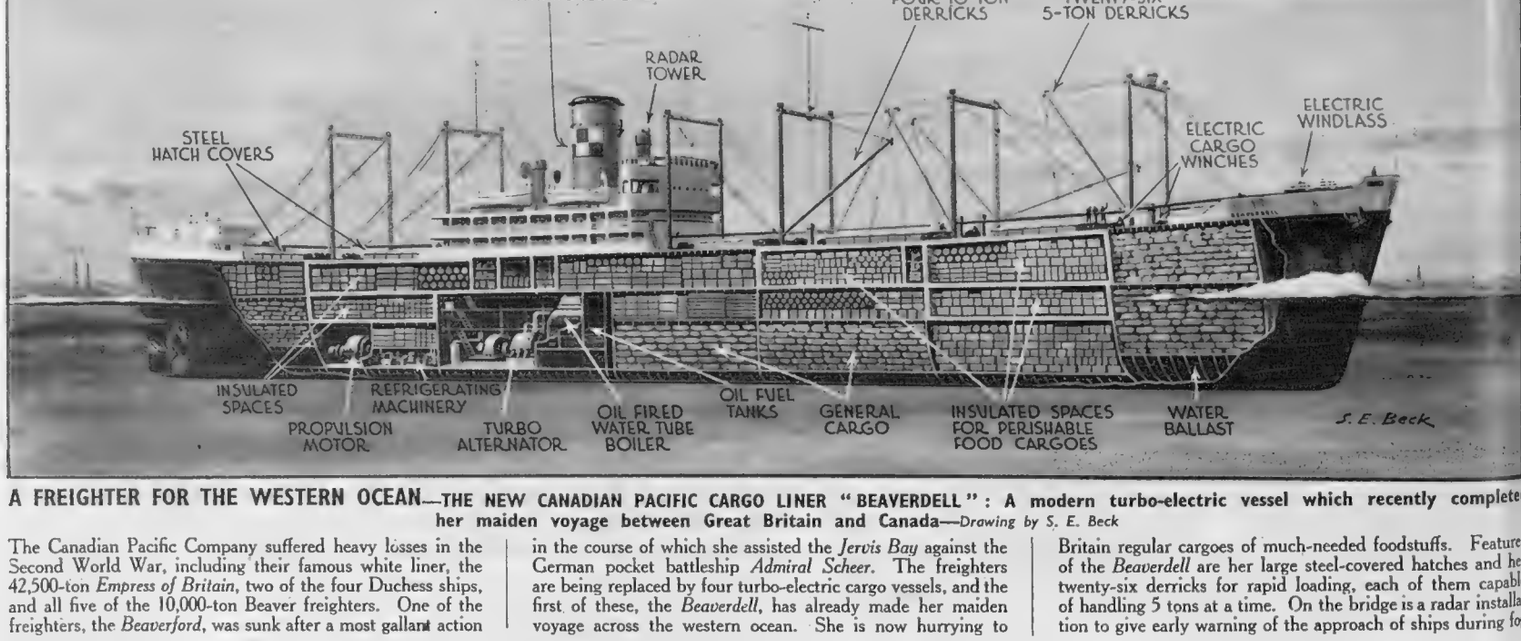
THE LAUNCH OF THE "HINEMOA"—A NEW LINER TO LINK THE NORTH AND SOUTH ISLANDS OF NEW ZEALAND: The vessel entering the tideway after being launched from the Barrow shipyards of Vickers Armstrong by Mrs. A. Falla, widow of Brigadier N. S. Falla, a former director of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. The "Hinemoa" will be a vessel of over 6,000 tons and she will operate on the service between Wellington, in the North Island, and Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch in the South Island. Although the crossing is only 175 miles, the "Hinemoa" will encounter a full share of boisterous weather in these southern waters



A REFRIGERATION SHIP FOR ARGENTINA'S MERCHANT NAVY: The "Rio Diamante" in the River Wear after being launched from Short Brothers' yard at Sunderland by Senora Espil, wife of the Argentine Ambassador in London, Dr. Felipe Espil. The "Rio Diamante" will be a single-screw steam cargo vessel, and she will be equipped with a modern refrigeration plant for carrying perishable cargoes

NEW SHIPS To Take the Place of WORLD WAR LOSSES

Important Additions to the Merchant Navy: The New Aircraft-carrier 'Triumph.'



A FREIGHTER FOR THE WESTERN OCEAN—THE NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC CARGO LINER "BEAVERDELL": A modern turbo-electric vessel which recently completed her maiden voyage between Great Britain and Canada—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

The Canadian Pacific Company suffered heavy losses in the Second World War, including their famous white liner, the 42,500-ton *Empress of Britain*, two of the four Duchess ships, and all five of the 10,000-ton Beaver freighters. One of the freighters, the *Beaverford*, was sunk after a most gallant action in the course of which she assisted the *Jervis Bay* against the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*. The freighters are being replaced by four turbo-electric cargo vessels, and the first of these, the *Beaverdell*, has already made her maiden voyage across the western ocean. She is now hurrying to Britain regular cargoes of much-needed foodstuffs. Feature of the *Beaverdell* are her large steel-covered hatches and he twenty-six derricks for rapid loading, each of them capabl of handling 5 tons at a time. On the bridge is a radar installa tion to give early warning of the approach of ships during fo

THE NEW "ORCADES"—A 29,000-TON LINER NOW BEING BUILT FOR THE ORIENT LINE: An artist's impression of the vessel, which will probably make her maiden voyage to the East in 1947, and will replace the "Orcades" which was torpedoed in 1942—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

The new Orient liner *Orcades* is one of many vessels now being built in British yards to take the place of those sunk by enemy action during the war years. She will have many modern features, including a navigating bridge placed almost amidships. The seams or horizontal joins of her plating will be riveted, and the butts or vertical joins will be welded, thus saving many tons of steel in her construction. The *Orcades* will have a speed of over 23 knots. It is hoped that she will be launched in the Spring of 1947, and that, after being fitted out, she will be ready for her maiden voyage in the Autumn of the same year. The P. and O. Line is also engaged in an elaborate building programme, having lost eight large ships during the war, including the *Rawalpindi*, which was sunk in a fight against hopeless odds in the early days of the struggle. They have placed orders for two passenger liners, one of 29,000 tons for the Australian service, and one of 24,000 tons for the Far Eastern service. The 29,000-tonner will have accommodation for over 1,000 passengers, and there will be 495,000 cubic feet of cargo space. Building work is also in progress on behalf of the Royal Mail Line, several cargo ships being on order, while on the opposite page details are given of the progress of the plans to replace Canadian Pacific losses, which were particularly heavy, including the sinking of the *Empress of Britain*, and of two of the Duchess liners which before the war were so well-known on the route from Montreal to the northern ports of Great Britain

ON VIEW DURING VICTORY WEEK AT SOUTHAMPTON—THE NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "TRIUMPH" ARRIVING AT THE DOCKS WITH HER ACCOMPANYING TUGS: On her flight-deck are a Vampire, a Hornet, a Firefly, a Seafire and a Barracuda

The visit of H.M.S. *Triumph* to Southampton aroused much interest during Victory Week, and many visitors were shown round the new warship during her stay at the docks. The *Triumph*, which bears the same name as a submarine sunk in 1942, is a medium-sized carrier of orthodox design. She carries on board the fastest fighting machines in the Navy, the Vampire being a twin-boomed jet plane designed as a high-speed interceptor. It is the first machine in Great Britain or America to have exceeded 500 m.p.h. in level flight. The Barracuda, which is seen at the stern of the *Triumph*, is the Navy's most efficient dive-bomber, and it will be remembered for its attacks upon the German battleship *Tirpitz*

THE CHICAGO HOTEL DISASTER—THE MAIN LOBBY OF THE LA SALLE HOTEL AFTER AN EARLY-MORNING FIRE HAD SWEPT THROUGH THE FIRST THREE FLOORS OF THE BUILDING: Men inspecting the wreckage when the flames had been extinguished. Fifty-eight lives were lost in the fire, and but for the exceedingly prompt work of the fire brigades the toll would have been much greater. It appears that the various lift-shafts in the hotel acted like giant chimneys, drawing up the smoke from the lower floors and suffocating many of those in the rooms above. Several of the trapped guests jumped to their deaths from the windows. One or two residents showed great presence of mind by ordering others to lie down on the floor and cover their faces, thus avoiding the worst of the smoke. Some of the rescuers were impeded by the vast crowds which gathered in the region of the hotel as the fire progressed

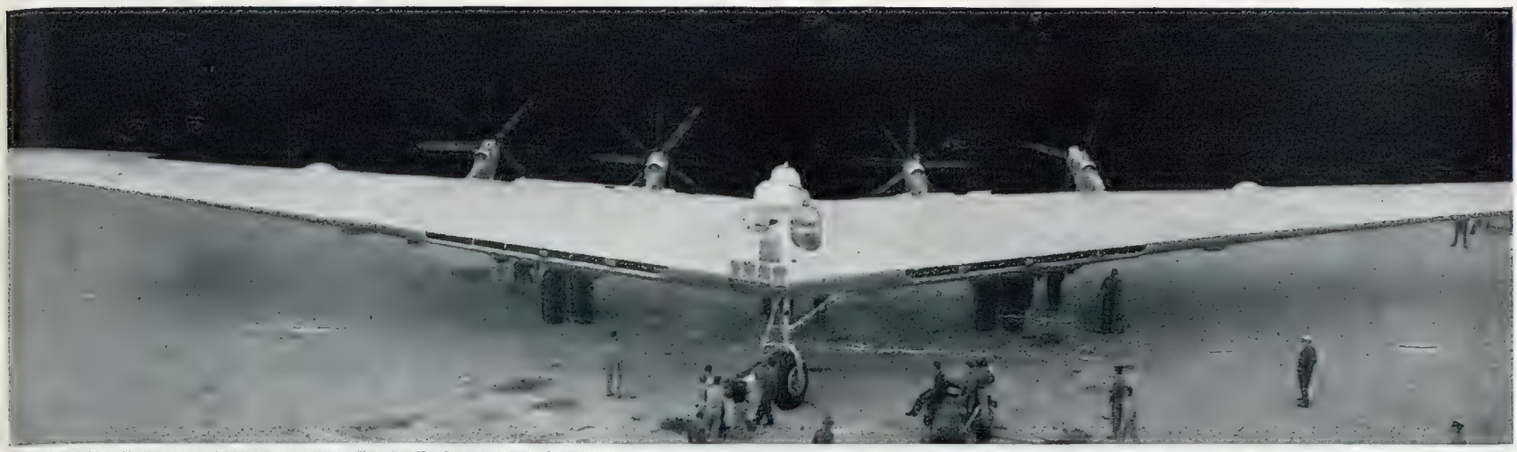
A Foreign Survey

THE CHICAGO HOTEL FIRE

And Other News from Europe and the United States

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF KING ANANDA MAHIDOL: A tragic end to a short-lived career on the Siamese throne. A recent picture from Bangkok showing King Ananda of Siam (left) with his brother, Prince Phumiphon Adulet, who has been chosen to succeed him. King Ananda was found shot dead in his palace on June 9 and his 18,000,000 subjects were told later that he died as a result of an accidental gun explosion. An emergency session of the Siamese Parliament was held immediately, and nineteen-year-old Prince Phumiphon was chosen King. The new King was born in America

THE KING OF ITALY GOES TO THE POLL: Umberto II placing his voting papers in the ballot-box during the recent general elections. The referendum on the future of the Monarchy was held at the same time as the elections, and the King was defeated by a clear majority of nearly 2,000,000 votes. He refused, however, to cede his powers until outstanding questions concerning the referendum had been settled, and, as a result, feeling in Italy ran high. There were Monarchist demonstrations in many parts of the south, particularly in Naples, where a mob attacked a Communist headquarters. At the same time big Republican demonstrations took place in Rome and in the northern cities of Italy. King Umberto's Consort, Queen Marie Jose, left for Portugal after the announcement of the result of the referendum. King Umberto departed about a week later

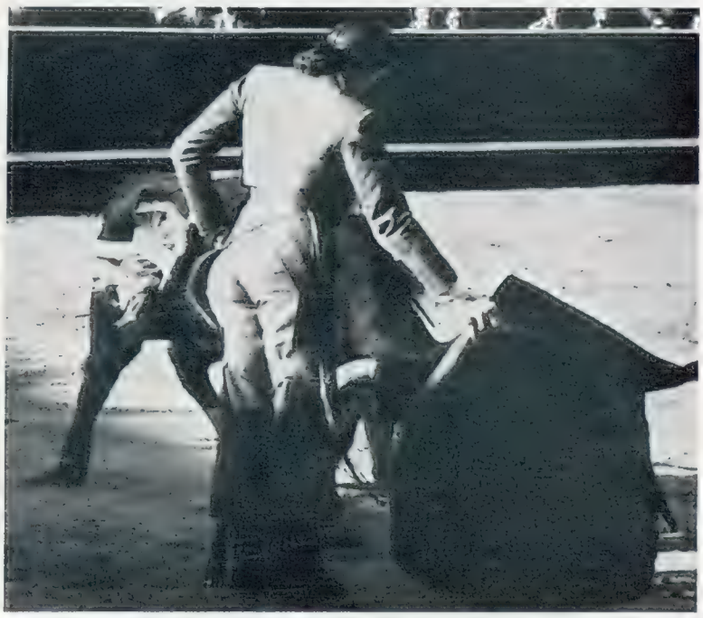


AMERICA'S "FLYING WING" BOMBER PREPARES FOR ACTION—THE NORTHROP XB.35 BEING WHEELED OUT ON TO THE RUNWAY AT HAWTHORNE, CALIFORNIA: The 104-ton machine about to undergo taxi-ing tests as a preliminary to taking the air for the first time

The XB.35, which it is claimed can carry more bombs farther and faster than any other machine in the world, is an all-wing monoplane weighing 104 tons. If the present tests with the prototype prove successful, machines of this design will probably be built in large numbers for the United States Army Air Force. The all-wing design, which is now being developed both in England and America, is considered especially suitable for aircraft of great weight, effecting considerable economies in fuel consumption. The accommodation is housed within a single wing, and there is neither fuselage nor tail unit. The four engine-nacelles protrude at the rear. The design was first conceived in America by Mr. Northrop twenty years ago

CONCHITA IS SUPERB: A beautiful woman bull-fighter from Peru brings glamour to the Madrid bull-ring. Senorita Conchita Citron seen at Carabanchel Bajo when about to give a display of bull-fighting on horseback and on foot. The Madrilenos have given her a great reception, and have acclaimed her repeatedly for her outstanding skill and courage. In this picture she is seen wearing chaps in cowboy style and is waiting for the arrival of the bull. Conchita also wears a broad-brimmed hat and at her waist is an elaborate gold-embroidered tassel

A PRELUDE TO THE ATOM-BOMB TESTS: A giant plume of water rising skyward at the Naval Mine Warfare Test Station in the Patuxent River, Virginia. This was part of a series of experiments with underwater explosions in order to gather data likely to be of use in recording the forthcoming atom-bomb tests at Bikini Atoll in mid-Pacific. Facts so far gathered give an indication that surface results from a great underwater explosion may be much less spectacular than some scientists at present expect. The explosion depicted here was made by a 500-lb. bomb



SPAIN'S WOMAN BULL-FIGHTER IN ACTION: Senorita Conchita Citron fighting a bull in the ring at Carabanchel Bajo, Madrid. The bull is charging the cape, but the Senorita, in the best tradition of the bull-ring, stands with her feet firmly planted in the ground, committed for better or worse if the bull should swerve

REVEALING the WONDERS of ROMAN BRITAIN and ANCIENT EGYPT

Recent Discoveries in London, Exeter and Helwan

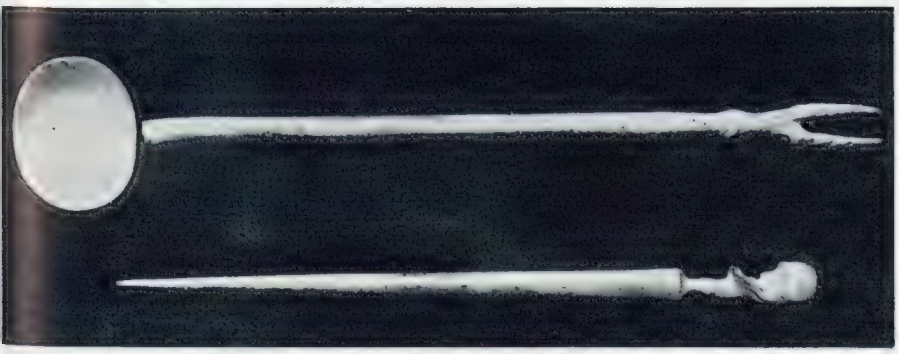
AN IMPORTANT FIND AT ASSOUAN: Professor Labieb Habashy, first inspector of the Egyptian Antiquities Administration in Upper Egypt, standing beside the newly-discovered statue of a Pharaonic governor. The statue, which is believed to date back 4,000 years, was one of several discovered inside a temple built for King Khanoum, whom the Pharaohs worshipped as the controller of the Nile's life-giving waters

EXETER'S ROMAN PAST IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT—RICH MOSAICS WHICH HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED ON A BLITZED SITE: Mr. Victor Sartor with three of the mosaics he has pieced together after they had been unearthed among the bomb-damaged Almshouses of St. Catherine, a few yards from Exeter's busy High Street. The excavations in the city are proving most productive, and it is already becoming apparent that they will provide valuable data with regard to the original Roman town. Exeter was seriously damaged by the Luftwaffe, and, as in London, the opportunity is being taken to carry out these investigations, which would otherwise have been quite impossible

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AT HELWAN: A relief representing the wife of a high official discovered at Helwan, near Cairo, in excavations conducted under the patronage of King Farouk. Altogether seven hundred graves have been brought to light. *On left*—A spoon, a hand, and a lotus flower of stone which were among the many objects found by Zaki Saad, the Egyptian archæologist, amid the tombs at Helwan. Helwan is famous for its quarries, which provided the stone for the Pyramids

IN SEARCH OF ROMAN LONDON: FOUNDATIONS OF A SECOND-CENTURY BUILDING DISCOVERED ON A BOMB-SHATTERED SITE NEAR LONDON BRIDGE STATION: The excavations in King's Head Yard which have been made by the Council of British Archæology during their survey of bombed areas in Southwark. The floors were tessellated, but unfortunately only the mortar base remains, and the building was of timber construction

With the coming of the Romans, the first real settlement of Roman London came into being, and with the object of discovering more about that settlement, and taking advantage of the ground exposed by the blitz, various organisations are now at work excavating in and around the city. The Council of British Archæology is concentrating its attention on the bombed areas in Southwark, and the principal aim of the excavators is to pick up the line of the main Roman roads converging on the river as they came in from Kent and Sussex. In this way it is hoped to establish the exact position of the first London bridge. During the course of the excavations a second-century house has been brought to light in King's Head Yard, Borough High Street. The building was of timber construction, so little remains beyond the stone foundations, and the tessellated paving has crumbled out of recognition, leaving only the mortar base. The discovery is of importance, however, in that every particle of information that can be obtained helps to build up the at present scanty picture of old London. After the fashion of all Roman towns the city straggled considerably beyond the fortifications, and it was comparatively easy for Boadicea to sack and destroy the place in her celebrated raid in A.D. 61



AN IVORY SPOON AND AN IVORY KOHL-STICK DISCOVERED AMID THE GRAVES OF HELWAN, NEAR CAIRO: The stick was used by ancient Egyptian women to apply cosmetics to the eyes. The spoon is forked at the handle

Of recent months Egyptologists have been active in the field, and important finds have been made both at Tanis, where Professor Montet has been at work, and at Helwan, near Cairo where Zaki Saad, the Egyptian archæologist, has been pursuing investigations. Details of the finds at Tanis appeared in *The Sphere* of March 16, and on these pages are reproduced some of the remarkable discoveries made in the Helwan burial-ground. Helwan is a health resort lying about fifteen miles from Cairo, and it has long been famous for its quarries, which supplied much of the stone used in the construction of the Pyramids. Professor Saad states that the graves which he has been excavating are more than five thousand years old, so that it is probable that they belong to what is known as the Archaic Period of Ancient Egypt and the time of Menes, who united the country for the first time in 3,200 B.C. Many of the skeletons, it is noted, are found with the legs drawn up in the attitude of an embryo within the womb

HOW MANY OF THE BODIES WERE BURIED AT HELWAN: A skeleton lying in the exact spot in which it was discovered by Zaki Saad, the Egyptian archæologist. It is in a crouched position, resembling the attitude of an embryo in a womb. According to Zaki Saad, the Ancient Egyptians believed earth to be the mother of the first woman, and with the return to earth they held that all mortals should be buried in this way. This particular grave is known to be more than five thousand years old

A BEACON OF THE FAITH: The beautifully-illuminated dome of St. Paul's as it appeared during Victory Week celebrations

WESTMINSTER ABBEY DURING VICTORY WEEK: The West Front illuminated for the celebrations. This sight was much admired by the crowds which thronged London at Whitsun

CATHEDRALS ARE IN THE NEWS

The Progress of Guildford Cathedral; Restoring the Beauties of Lincoln; The Floodlighting of St. Paul's

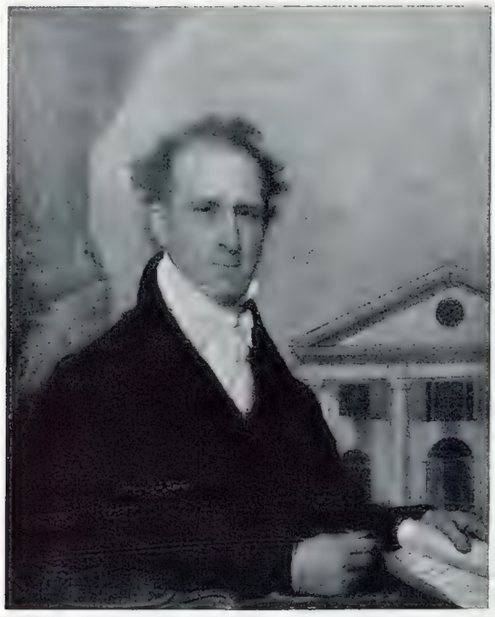
Cathedrals are in the news, and all over the country plans are afoot for restoring them after the war years. At Lincoln the celebrated thirteenth-century windows have been put back in position and the leaden roof is being repaired. Guildford Cathedral which had to be left uncompleted, will again be the scene of building activity, much still remaining to be done

RESTORING THE BEAUTIES OF LINCOLN—THE CATHEDRAL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY WHICH IS NOW RETURNING TO ITS PRE-WAR PERFECTION: A general view of the celebrated Minster, which contains within its compass every variety of style from the simple Norman to late Gothic, and yet presents a wonderful impression of uniformity. The celebrated thirteenth-century windows, which were hidden 60 ft. beneath the ground, have been restored, while the Lincoln Magna Carta has been brought back from America. Lincoln's lead-casting foundry has been reopened to allow of repair work being done on the roof

IE RISE OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL—A GREAT SHRINE ON WHICH CONSTRUCTION WORK WAS DELAYED BY THE WAR: An aerial view showing the present cent of the work on the new Cathedral, which is being built on a commanding site on the outskirts of the town. The Cathedral is of brick construction

The builders of the great medieval cathedrals unfailingly appreciated the necessity for building where all the world might witness the evidence of their faith; and it is to-day. The as yet uncompleted Cathedral at Guildford stands on lovely Stag ll on several acres of ground presented by Lord Onslow. During the war years the ogress of construction has been held up, but even so, the completed portion of the ilding, when viewed from the neighbouring Hog's Back, is deeply impressive. In der to ensure that no buildings shall encroach upon the site, an anonymous donor s provided a further £10,000 for the purchase of some acres of surrounding land

PAIRING LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: Men at work on the roof hammering out the lead sheets, each of which weighs 1 cwt., during post-war reconstruction on the celebrated Minster. In order to put the roof in repair, and make up for the neglect of the war years, the lead-casting foundry has been reopened. *On right*—The beautiful thirteenth-century window (right) in position again in the Cathedral after being hidden during the war 60 ft. below the ground. Lincoln has a number of remarkable windows, two in the transepts being known as the Dean's Eye and the Bishop's Eye. The vast East Window, which is 57 ft. in height, is an example of transition from Early English to Decorated. It was completed in the year 1288



EARLY PORTRAITURE OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL: Three important canvases at the Exhibition of American Painting at the Tate Gallery. *Left*—"Josiah Quincy," by Gilbert Stuart; *Centre*—"Mrs. Richard Yates," by Gilbert Stuart; *Right*—"Mrs. Seymour Fort," by John Singleton Copley. Both Stuart and Copley did a great amount of work in London, but the former eventually settled in the U.S.A. and painted the portraits of seven Presidents, including George Washington

"OLD KENTUCKY HOME," BY EASTMAN JOHNSON: A painting in the American Exhibition of Art which calls to mind the darkie songs made famous by Stephen Foster. Foster died towards the close of the Civil War in 1864, and this picture belongs to a generation later. Johnson is not one of the great American painters, but he portrayed the American scene very faithfully and interpreted the spirit of the times

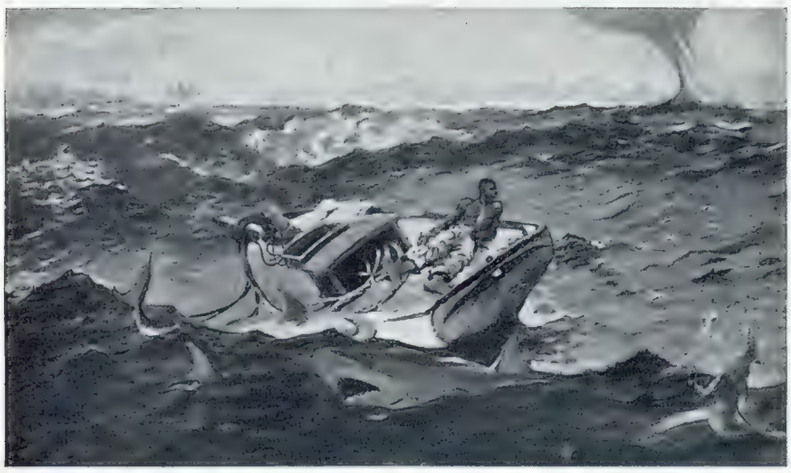
A CROSS-SECTION OF AMERICAN ART THROUGH THE CENTURIES

An Exhibition of Portraits and Landscapes is Held at the Tate Gallery

The art of the United States, inspired in part by the traditions of Europe and in part by the natural influence of the American scene, forms the subject of a fascinating exhibition which was opened at the Tate Gallery on June 13 and attended by the King and Queen.

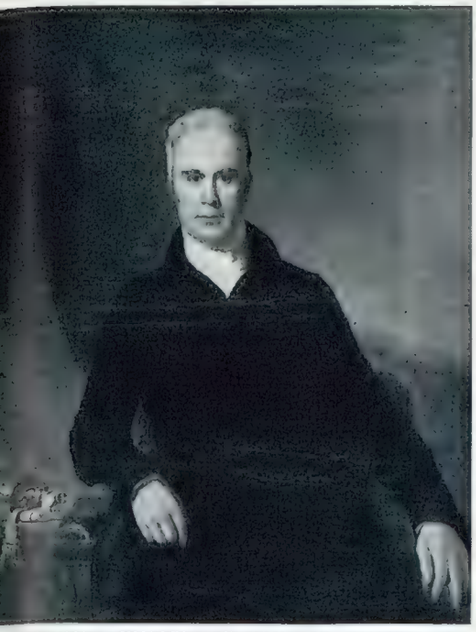
This is the first time that so comprehensive a collection of American paintings has been shown in England, and it comprises no fewer than 220 pictures of the outstanding American painters between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. The portraits by Gilbert Stuart and John Singleton Copley, the landscapes of Winslow Homer so vitally individual in their style, Durand, and Bingham all command attention, giving the visitor a wonderful cross-section of the American way of living from the days of the Revolution, through the period of the Civil War, to the industrial age.

Some of the artists, such as Copley and Stuart, might almost be termed Anglo-Americans, as they worked both in England and the United States, but others, notably Winslow Homer, are refreshingly American in outlook and interpretation.



"THE GULF STREAM"—A DRAMATIC SEASCAPE BY WINSLOW HOMER: A Negro is shown adrift in an open boat, with its mast and sails torn away by the storm. The sharks, anticipating their prey, gather menacingly around. Winslow Homer early achieved distinction as an observer and painter of Negro life, and his treatment of any subject was always marked by intense individuality. Homer started work in a lithographer's shop, and later gained experience as a magazine illustrator

"RAFTSMEN PLAYING CARDS," BY GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM (1811-79): Another picture which recaptures life in America during the early days before the railways, when river transport played such a part in the national life. Lincoln, as a young man, took a raft down the Mississippi, floating his merchandise on the current in much the same manner as Bingham depicts here. In the distance are typical Mississippi bluffs



"GOVERNOR CHARLES RIDGELY OF MARYLAND": A portrait by Thomas Sully (1783-1872). Sully was born at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, but at the age of nine he went with his parents, who were actors, to America. As a young man he set up as a portrait painter in Richmond, Virginia, but afterwards returned to Europe and studied under West and Laurence. In 1838 he settled in Philadelphia, where he painted portraits. Sully's long life spanned both the Revolutionary and the Civil War period of United States history

"MRS. DAVID LE FOREST," BY SAMUEL MORSE (1791-1872): An early portrait painted by the man who later achieved fame as the inventor of the Morse code. Morse was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1791, and, after studying in England and exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1813, he returned to New York, at first settling down as a portrait painter. His interest in science, however, triumphed over his love of art, and in due course his experiments led to the production of a telegraph at the New York University

"WILLIAM GRANT OF CONGALTON SKATING": A portrait by Gilbert Stuart (1755-1828), the most notable American portrait painter of the early days. After leaving England, where he established his early reputation, Stuart practised his art in Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. This picture of Grant is regarded as the finest work he did in England, while of his American portraits that of George Washington is undoubtedly the *chef d'œuvre*

THE KINDRED SPIRITS," BY ASHER BROWN DURAND (1796-1886): An example of the art of an American-born painter who achieved distinction as a portraitist, painting several of the Presidents of the United States, and as a landscape painter, coming to be known as the father of the Hudson River School. This picture is of particular interest, belonging as it does to the period before the industrialisation of the American seaboard destroyed so many of the natural beauties of the eastern States. Durand established his reputation by his engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence." Later he was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, and he was its president from 1845 to 1861. The painters of the Hudson River School were essentially analytical in their treatment

"YOUNG WOMAN IN WHITE," BY ROBERT HENRI: This picture, which is a companion to "Young Woman in Black," is the work of an artist who influenced a whole generation of American painters, doing much to free American art of shallow æstheticism and sentimentality. The Henri Group first exhibited together in New York in 1908, and they were anathematised as "The Ashcan School"

NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE BORDER

"Riding the Common" in the Ancient Burgh of Hawick; A Champion Greyhound in Action; The Commemorative Peace Stamps and Other Home News

THE BORDER BURGH OF HAWICK CELEBRATES IN TRADITIONAL STYLE—THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF "RIDING THE COMMON": Mr. Charles Bell, who acted as Cornet for the occasion, is seen galloping past the winning-post on Hawick race-course bearing a pennant emblazoned with the date 1514. This custom of "riding the common," or "beating the bounds," takes place in June each year in commemoration of the action fought against the English by a number of young men of Hawick, who surprised the Redcoats at Hornshole, a spot on the Teviot two miles below the town, routed them and bore away their flag. The skirmish at Hornshole was regarded as a small measure of revenge for the disastrous defeat of Flodden in the previous year, a defeat in which the burghers of Hawick suffered severely. Hawick lies ten miles to the south-west of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire

THE WANDERERS OF WESTERN EUROPE: The plight of those who fought in the Spanish Republican Army. These Spaniards, seen about to entrain at Victoria Station en route to Calais, have endured much during the past ten years. After the victory of General Franco they fled from Spain into France. When the Germans occupied France they were captured and sent to undertake forced labour in Germany. With the arrival of the Americans in Bavaria the Spaniards were sent to England for internment, and they are now on the way to France, there to await, as they say, the fall of the Spanish Government. England at the moment harbours large numbers of exiled Spanish Republicans, all of whom, for patriotic and personal reasons, are naturally eager for international action to be taken against the present regime in Spain

THE NAVY ADOPTS A NEW WORKING DRESS: A uniform designed primarily for use at action stations, and one that may not be widely seen by members of the public. The uniform consists of a blue shirt with breast pockets, trousers of darker blue material, and a blue belt. The hat is of regulation pattern

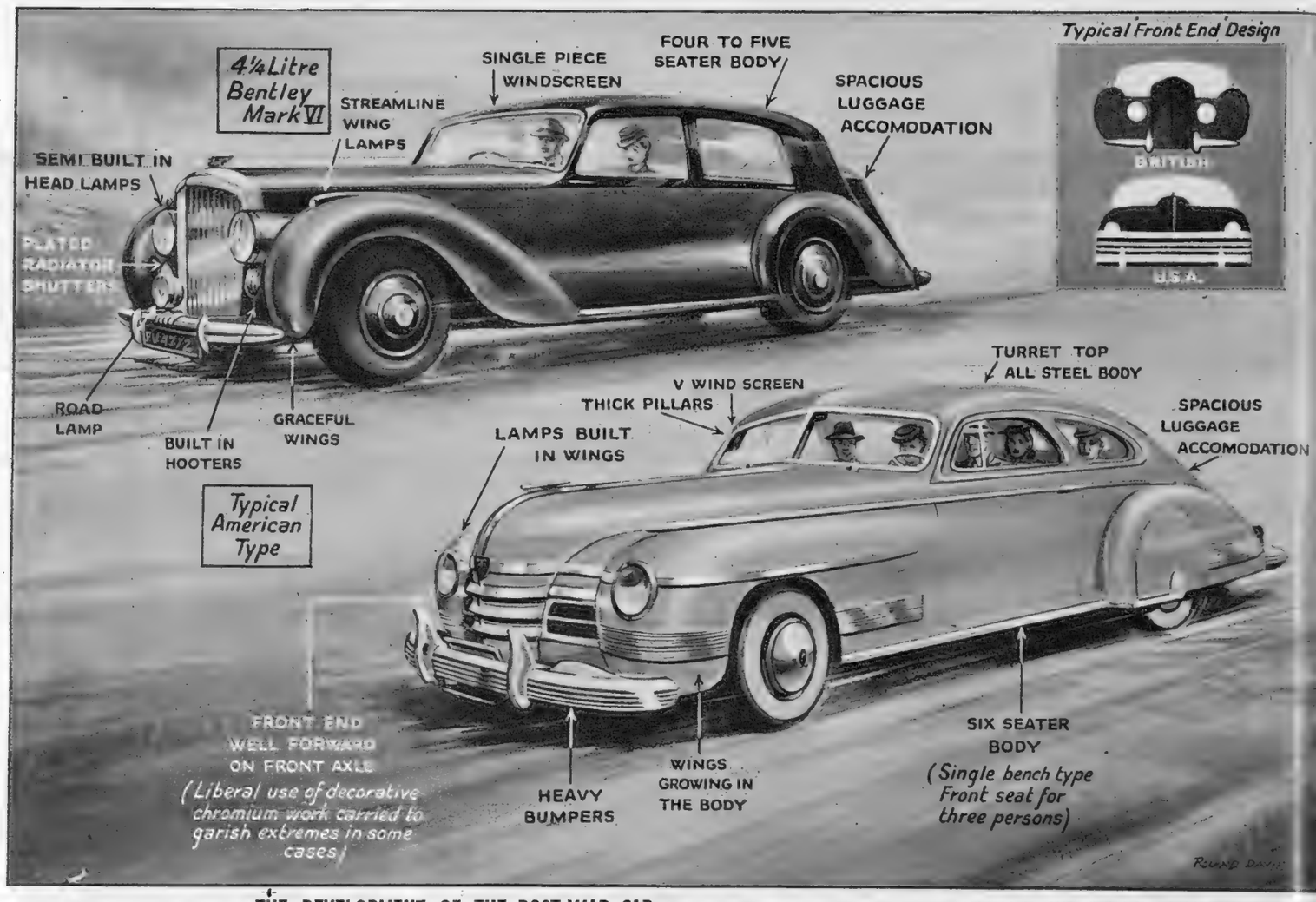
THE WORLD'S FASTEST GREYHOUND—BAH'S CHOICE MAKING A RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT WHITE CITY STADIUM WHILE TRAINING FOR THE GREYHOUND DERBY OF 1946 : An instantaneous camera impression of the favourite setting up the staggering time of 28.99 seconds over a distance of 525 yards when running a solo trial. It will be seen how the hind legs, developing immense thrust, strike the ground far in front of the forelegs, and the whole bearing betokens perfect balance allied to speed in action. In a recent outing Bah's Choice was left in his trap, giving the other dogs a full lead of seven lengths ; but he threaded his way through the field, taking every opportunity at the bends, and won with the greatest ease. He is rated the most intelligent greyhound since Mick the Miller first astonished the greyhound racing world. For several weeks past he has been a firm favourite for the Greyhound Derby, but he was badly drawn in the eliminating heats at White City

MISSION TO INDIA : Boreham Belsire, the fox-terrier which has been bought by the Maharajah of Pithapuram for £1,000. Before going to Madras, where the Maharajah has his kennels, Boreham Belsire will compete at several championship shows in Great Britain. He is believed to be the most valuable smooth-haired fox-terrier in the world

THE PASSING OF A RAILROAD VETERAN : "Plain Jane," the eighty-nine-year-old engine which ran from Wantage Road Station to Wantage along the main road, has gone off the rails at last. She is seen being towed on her last journey by another engine, and she will now be placed in honourable retirement as a museum specimen

THE SPECIAL ISSUE OF COMMEMORATIVE PEACE STAMPS—THE 2½d. AND 3d. DENOMINATIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN PUT ON SALE IN CONNECTION WITH THE VICTORY CELEBRATIONS : The 2½d. design is the work of Mr. H. L. Palmer, and it is intended to be typical of the present mechanical age. Peace, symbolised by the olive branch, appears at the centre of a radiating tonal background on which in the central dark V the King's head is prominently displayed. A tractor, houses, a power-station and a ship are the four emblems of Reconstruction, and they are shown as white outline drawings, one in each of the four corners. The 3d. stamp, designed by Mr. Reynolds Stone, has, in addition to the King's head, a dove holding an olive branch representing Peace. The set-square and dividers represent Planning, while a bricklayer's trowel and bricks represent Reconstruction. These elements are bound together by calligraphic flourishes : 240,000,000 2½d. Peace Stamps and 24,000,000 3d. Peace Stamps have been printed and their cash value totals approximately £2,800,000. The stamps will be on sale for two months

THE HORSE-LOVERS—A GROUP OF YOUNG RIDERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE CHILDREN'S PONY CLASS AT KINGSTON GYMKHANA : The show was staged by the Kingston Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it took place in the Royal Paddocks at Hampton Court. The girls, who belonged to the class for those of fourteen years and under, revealed a very high standard of horsemanship



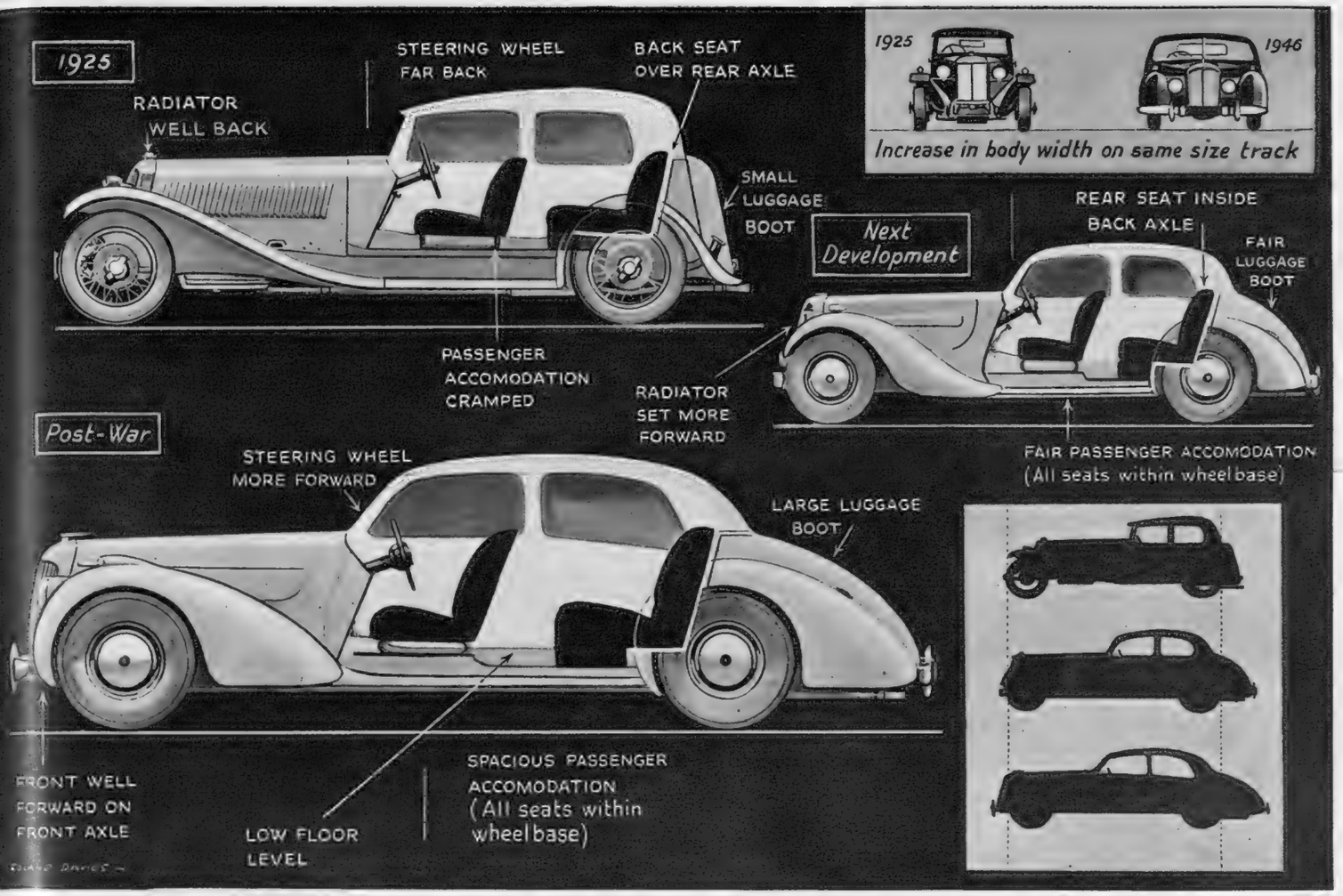
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE POST-WAR CAR—THE STRIKING CONTRAST BETWEEN AMERICAN AND BRITISH DESIGNS: The 4¼-litre Bentley compared with an American model of similar capacity. The lavish use of chromium, the heavy bumpers and the mudguards almost wholly incorporated in the body are typical developments from the other side of the Atlantic. The style in Britain remains more restrained, although every advantage is taken of new developments making for efficiency—*Drawing by Roland Davis*

THIS CAR-HUNGRY WORLD

The Progress of Design from the 1925 Models to the Streamlined Cars of Post-war Vintage

There was a time—and not so very long ago—when a motor-car was divided visibly into its component parts. The mudguards gave the impression of being separate from the body, while lamps and horns indicated clearly that they had been added almost as an afterthought. So constituted, the cars of pre-1914 vintage had a distinctly spidery appearance, and this tendency persisted in a measure to the end of the '20's. Since then development has been rapid, and both in Britain and America the tendency has been to create homogeneous designs in which every part gives the impression of fitting into a well-planned whole. Some of these changes have undoubtedly been adopted more swiftly in America than in England, with the result that many American models now look more like land yachts than motor-cars. There are some keen motorists, however, who prefer to have their cars looking like cars, and in Britain the more revolutionary changes in design have not been adopted to the same extent, while lavish, and often unnecessary, use of chromium plating has been wisely avoided. In both the United States and Britain, however, there have been many other developments of a most valuable nature. All seats have now been brought within the wheelbase, for instance, while the large luggage-boot is regarded as an essential in the post-war model

On *right*—PARACHUTE JUMPING AT 600 M.P.H.: A pilot leaves his burning jet-plane after ejecting himself through the cockpit by firing a cartridge beneath the seat. Together with the seat, he is hurled 60 ft. into the air, thus escaping contact with the tail-plane, and he then descends by parachute. The ejection operation takes only one-fifth of a second, and the force exerted is equal to twenty-three times the force of gravity. At speeds approaching 600 m.p.h.—the speed of the latest R.A.F. jet-fighters—it is quite impossible for a pilot to free himself by jumping over the side, and accordingly this new device has been developed by the Martin Baker Aircraft Company, of Denham, Bucks. Bernard Lynch, a twenty-seven-year-old Irishman and a former member of the Eire Air Force, recently volunteered to be fired from a Gloucester Meteor fighter modified to carry two people; but before the experiments were embarked upon he made exhaustive tests with an experimental rig 73 ft. high. Lynch first underwent a parachute troops' training course at Ringway Aerodrome, Manchester
—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



THE BRITISH CAR FROM 1925 TO 1946—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF DESIGN DURING THE PAST TWENTY-ONE YEARS: In 1925 passenger accommodation was cramped, and in many models the rear seat was poised above the rear axle, providing very uncomfortable travelling for those behind the driver. The bonnet and radiator tended to be well aft of the front axle, and this again was a limiting factor in the provision of seating accommodation. By 1930 many of these defects were being attended to, and, in addition, the size of the luggage-boot was increased considerably. By that time all seats had come within the wheelbase. There was, too, a steady increase in body width, although the width of the wheel-track was not altered greatly. The post-war models, which are now coming off the production-line, are distinctly modern in appearance, but most British manufacturers have avoided American extremes in the manner of their streamlining and in the application of chromium, which seems to fascinate makers on the other side of the Atlantic
—Drawing by Roland Davies

NEW CARS GO DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI: A barge loaded with 175 saloons on its way down the river from the factory at Evansville, Indiana, to the port of New Orleans. The consignment was on the way to Houston, Texas, and consisted largely of five- and six-passenger saloons. The gigantic barge is specially designed and equipped for car transportation

Below—
The idea of rocket propulsion has from time to time fascinated motorists, and the latest attempt to harness the rocket comes from Indianapolis, where Buck Nalon, one of the veteran track drivers, recently fitted a pair of rockets to the rear brackets on the chassis of his racing car. The rockets boosted his speed in four seconds from about 100 to 130 m.p.h. When a similar experiment was tried in England about twenty years ago it was found that the rocket-propelled car moved forward in a series of sharp jerks

THE ROCKET AS AN AID TO SPEED IN THE MOTORING WORLD: *Left*—Buck Nalon, the American racing driver, speeding round the track at Indianapolis with two rockets fitted on the rear of his car chassis. When the rockets went into action Nalon declared that in four seconds his speed rose from 100 to 130 m.p.h. *Right*—Nalon fitting one of the rockets on the rear bracket of his racing car. Nalon is planning further trials with rocket propulsion on the same lines

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MOTORIST TO-DAY

The Roads Abound in Danger, but the Continent Again Beckons the Adventurous Car Owner

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE latest statistics about fatal accidents on the roads show that 389 people were killed in April (the last recorded month), in addition to over 12,000 cases of injury, nearly 3,000 of which were serious. Analysis of the 389 fatalities shows that Service vehicles (British, Dominion and Allied, of all the three Services) accounted for twenty-four deaths; N.F.S. accounted for five; public service vehicles and hackney carriages accounted for fifty-two; goods vehicles for seventy-eight, private cars for ninety-two; motor cyclists for seventy-eight; bicyclists for forty-seven, and other categories for the remaining thirteen. Apart from anything else, this rise of thirty-nine over the previous month indicates that the Ministry of Transport advertisements have had no effect, in spite of Mr. Barnes's posters. The causes of accidents never change. The primary reason for them is the state of the roads, conduct not being the basic fault. Few British roads were designed for motor traffic, and they continue to constitute a daily problem to motorists, cyclists and pedestrians. As long as all three categories concentrate on the job of avoiding accidents, all is well. But reporters who are thinking about a newspaper story as they cross the road, or children chasing a rubber ball which has bounced off the pavement, are typical examples of that lack of concentration which can be described at its best as contributory negligence, and at its worst as criminal folly. In a really well-run State, of course, parents would be either fined or imprisoned whenever their children got involved in motor accidents. That would soon put a stop to the high rate of children killed on the roads (in April the number was ninety-three, half of them being under the age of five). This, however, has never been included in any of the recommendations of the series of select and other committees which have been set up to discuss the ever-present problem of road safety.

The best of these committees was the Select Committee of the House of Lords under the chairmanship of Lord Alness, just before the outbreak of war. The peers who formed it were not interested in vote-catching, and therefore could afford to be impartial. What is more, the committee included expert motorists.

They made a number of admirable recommendations. Some of them, of course, could not be implemented because of the outbreak of war, and others would now conflict with the housing shortage.

Among their suggestions was that guard rails to prevent pedestrians running into the carriage-way should be erected at various danger spots. Anyone who has been to Hammersmith Broadway, for example, will appreciate the usefulness of this idea. The peers also suggested that whereas at present a pedestrian can only commit a traffic offence by causing obstruction on the pavement or loitering on a crossing, it should be an offence for him to walk into the roadway heedlessly.

Another suggestion was that all cyclists should be registered and numbered for identification. Considering that the latest report shows that on forty-seven occasions fatalities were caused primarily by cyclists, this suggestion is obviously desirable. Cyclists remain the prima donnas of our roads. They fought tooth and nail to prevent themselves being protected by a compulsory red light. They seldom, if ever, follow the rule of the road, which lays it down that they should never ride more than two abreast. In every way they are a nuisance to the more important traffic on the roads. As part of its campaign to minimise road dangers and accident toll, the chairman of the Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., the A.A. and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club recently issued a letter embodying a number of practical suggestions. At the same time he is inviting every member of the public to report danger spots and request that they be remedied immediately. This can often be done simply, quickly and cheaply. Thus, a guard rail would prevent danger at many a school playground or side alley from which children rush out unchecked. Jutting lamp-posts, telegraph-poles or corners of bridges should either be removed or marked with white paint and reflectors. Blind spots, overhanging trees and hedges on crossings and road bends should be cut back or removed. Wood blocks and other slippery surfaces should be treated with a non-skid top dressing. Cat's eyes or white lines should be placed on narrow roads or sharp corners which have no road markings. Bridges too narrow for the traffic they have to bear should be clearly marked if they cannot be widened. Badly placed road refuges should be removed if they cause collisions. Roads which suddenly narrow in width should be clearly marked by day and night. Tram and bus stops at road bends, junctions and pedestrian crossings should be re-sited. "Major Road Ahead" signs should be erected immediately where a much-used side road enters a main road. More direction signs should be placed in towns and thus prevent drivers from pulling up suddenly to inquire the way. More "Look Right" and "Look Left" signs should be lettered in the roadway at pedestrian crossings and refuges in dangerous one-way streets.

In 1944 there was a white-washing committee, headed by Mr. Noel-Baker, which recommended, among other things, that the release of petrol should be gradual when the war was over. The Automobile Association representative promptly resigned. He realised, of course, that this would at once lead to Black Market petrol, which, as every motorist knows to-day, has resulted in there being two prices for petrol—"straight" at 1s. 11d. a gallon and "awkward" at 3s. 6d. a gallon.

Which brings me to a much more attractive aspect of the matter—touring on the Continent and in the Irish Free State. Every day at Fanum House, the headquarters of the Automobile Association, 500 letters are received from motorists anxious to take their cars across the water. A relatively large number of applications is also being received every day by the touring department of the Royal Automobile Club. So far, 900 applicants have been successful in their desire to go to the Continent, with another 400 who have gone, or are on their way, to the Irish Free State.

Lack of space for the motor-cars in transit from port to port is primarily responsible for the fact that 1946 does not mark the greatest exodus of motorists in the history of touring. The amount of petrol available is more than adequate on the Continent if one takes an over-all view. There is no rationing in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland or Sweden. You are allowed 33 gallons on disembarkation in France, with another 11 gallons a week thereafter. If you are going to Holland, a certificate can be obtained from the economic section of the Royal Nederlands Embassy, 33, Dover Street, W.1, which, on presentation to the local inspector of circulation, will secure an allocation of 25 litres, further supplies being obtainable in any district where the motorists will be temporarily resident.

Unspecified quantities of petrol can be obtained by motorists in Norway on application to the Central Transport Office. If you are taking your car to Belgium you can get 80 gallons of petrol a month at 10 francs a litre. In Denmark, petrol is allocated generously according to the weight of your car, the month's basic ration for those weighing up to 500 lbs. being 50 litres, and over 600 lbs., 80 litres. If you are making a *bonâ-fide* business journey, you get nearly double that amount.

If you are going to the Irish Free State, things are a bit more tricky. You have to pay a tax of 6s. per horse-power of your car before securing 8 gallons of petrol monthly for a car under 10 h.p., 10 gallons for any car from 10-16 h.p., and 12 gallons for bigger cars.

As for the Continental services, most of them are unable to guarantee passage of your car in less than twenty-eight days after your application. There is the daily Dover-Calais passenger service and an alternate cargo service. If you go by the former, the fare for the single journey ranges from £7 10s. to £16 according to the length of the wheel-base of your motor-car. If you go by the latter, the fare for the single journey starts at £4 10s. and increases to £11 10s. for a car with a wheel-base exceeding 10 ft. 6 ins.

On the Folkestone-Boulogne cargo service the prices are the same. On the Newhaven-Dieppe passenger service, which goes on alternate days, the prices are the same as for the Dover-Calais passenger service. On the Folkestone-Ostend daily passenger service the prices range from £3 17s. for a single journey to £11 6s. 8d. Marine insurance in every case is 9s. per centum. The other Continental shipping services include the Newcastle-Bergen, which goes on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cars accompanied by one passenger cost £5 per ton, and for two passengers the fare is £3 per ton. Accompanied by three or more passengers there is no charge. The single-passenger fares, however, are £12 10s. first-class and £9 10s. second-class. The same rates apply to the Newcastle-Oslo route, which only goes on Saturday nights.

If you are thinking of going to Holland, the Harwich-Hook route goes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, the rates ranging from £8 7s. 8d. per single journey to £15 10s. 6d. per car. The other two routes across the English Channel are Harwich-Esbjerg, with departures on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Tilbury-Gothenburg, which goes "every Saturday by arrangement." In the former case cars weighing up to 10 cwt. cost £5 each, with an added 6s. per cwt. There is, however, a rebate of £1 for each first-class passenger over one. On this scale, the maximum freight is £11 and the minimum £3. The charges for the Tilbury-Gothenburg route are dependent on the weight of the car. A small motor-car accompanied by two passengers costs a minimum of £2 10s. A large car accompanied by one passenger costs a maximum of £10, but whether large or small, freight is free if there are three or more passengers.

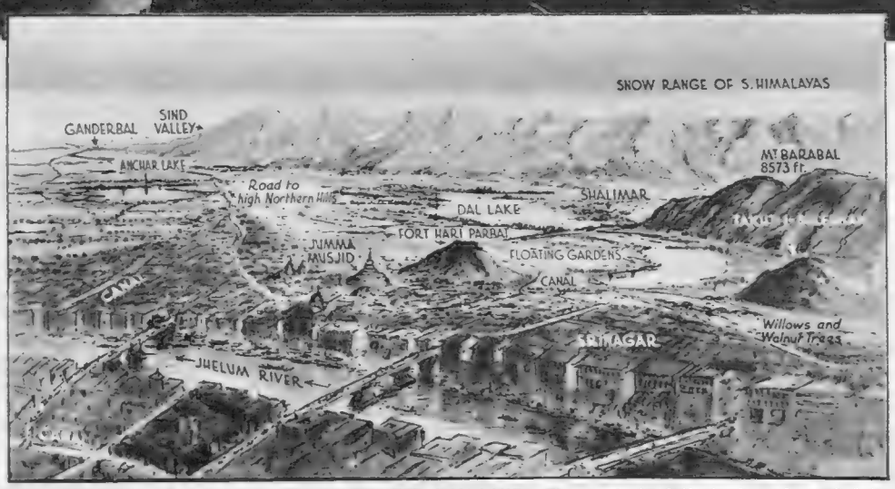
THERE WERE RECORD ENTRIES AND RECORD CROWDS, AND THERE WAS A RECORD FALL OF RAIN: Drivers gathered at the start for the first post-war hill-climb held at Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire. The number of the competitors and spectators indicated the unfailing popularity of motoring, which is clearly enough about to enjoy a spectacular post-war boom. The fastest time of the day was set up by Raymond Mays, driving an E.R.A. He negotiated the stiff climb in 42·79 seconds

THE FAMED VALLEY BECOMES THE SCENE OF POLITICAL UNREST: A diagrammatic sketch showing the situation of the Vale of Kashmir at the foot of the Himalayas. On the Jhelum River lies the capital, Srinagar, where a fifteen-day curfew has recently been imposed following a series of street battles between Muslims and Hindus. The Muslims are claiming that Kashmir should be made a Republic and have been defying the authority of the Maharajah—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

TROUBLE in the VALE of KASHMIR

Sheikh Abdullah and His Followers Demand that the State Shall Become a Republic

For several months past Kashmir has been the scene of political agitation, and this reached its climax a few weeks ago when Sheikh Abdullah and members of the National Conference Party were concerned in outbreaks of violence in Srinagar, the capital, and in other parts of the State. The basis of the agitation is hostility to the 100-year-old Treaty of Amritsar, by which the territories of Kashmir and Jammu were handed over to the Maharajah Gulab Singh and his heirs "in independent possession." The Sheikh in recent speeches has demanded a Kashmir Republic



THE CITY OF SRINAGAR AND THE CELEBRATED DAL LAKE: The capital of Kashmir, where fighting is said to have broken out on an alarming scale, having been instigated by the Muslim followers of Sheikh Abdullah in the National Conference Party—*Drawing by Percy Home*

MUSLIMS AND HINDUS CLASH ON THE JHELUM RIVER BRIDGE AT SRINAGAR: A battle in progress between the rival factions during the disturbances in the capital of Kashmir. At the end of May, Pandit Nehru, President-designate of the Congress Party in India, called for a halt to what he described as "the reign of terror in Kashmir." He said that clashes between Muslims and Hindus had occurred daily and that seven women had been shot—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS.—Admiral Rous' great work was now nearly done; in the past quarter-century a transformation had been accomplished on the Turf. Every detail in that great cleansing and reconstruction had been discussed and fought out between the two old cronies, and Payne, as alter ego of the great reformer and disciplinarian, the official handicapper and incorruptible dictator, had not only learned a great deal himself, but had obtained a greater share than perhaps he deserved of the respect paid to the Oracle. One of the Seniors of the Jockey Club, his word was law, his advice authoritative, and his recollections invaluable.

From meeting to meeting, from country house to country house, his swift new fiacre, with a postillion in scarlet on the leader, bowled down the English roads; his progress was royal, and the younger men, from the Prince downwards, held him in peculiar veneration and affection. He could and did reproduce for them in his inimitable way, and in glowing colours, the mad days of their fathers, for ever vanished. And his charm of manner, his pluck and his dignity, his genial humanity, only increased as his whiskers whitened. It was thus that his surviving nephew remembered him. As a little boy he was taken by his father to John Street to be introduced to his uncle. Old George was just off to a race meeting. He pulled up his waistcoat and drew out from a hidden cache a bundle of bank-notes and gave one to the little boy with a kindly smile and "buy a cricket bat." And those who knew him best remembered that he was as generous as he was profligate and gave away half as much as he threw away.

On June 19, 1877, his last surviving crony and firm friend, Admiral Rous, died after seeing Silvio win the Derby. He was buried at Kensal Green, and Payne attended in a distinguished company which included the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII).

Rous' death hit him very hard. What memories they shared, in how many fierce arguments they had engaged at Tattersall's, at the Portland, and on the race-course; the de Ros scandal, the reconstruction of the Jockey Club, the art of handicapping, the crime of big-scale betting, the Tarragona case, the "Spider and Fly" controversy—these and a hundred other burning questions had engaged the fierce interest and brought out the obstinate truculence of the famous pair during long days and all-night sittings together. Indeed, they agreed to agree on one subject only, the poisonous vice of smoking tobacco. How many hundred games of billiards they had played together in the Portland, drawing always a crowd of clubmen from the lower rooms! What memories! What regrets! One can bank on the memories. It would be strange if George Payne were not hard hit—he was left the last of his famous generation of "legs," the doyen of the Jockey Club, the last straggler of Regency days. He must have driven home sad and lonely enough from the cemetery to John Street.

For George Payne there were lonely hours to be got through in the little house in John Street in the last year of his life. He had survived almost all his contemporaries and closest boon companions. He had long become a legendary figure to the younger generation of foxhunters and racing men. But to be venerated as a legend is small compensation for the loss of friends and boon companions, and his memories must often enough have been poignant. What triumphs and what disasters, what a mosaic of folly and failure, of successes and sweets, in the "great days" never to return! There was so much soundness and common sense in his character to sit in judgment on the extravagance and waste of his career; on the other hand, there was much stoicism in his nature which years of enjoyment of "the best of everything" had never sapped. He was game to the last, and cheerful company.

Que de memoires! Que de regrets!

At least it may be said for George (what could not be said for Napoleon's surviving Marshals) that the triumphs and tragedies of his life had not involved the ruin of millions of men and women. He had paid for his fun—and through the nose—from his own resources and involved comparatively few in his calamitous way of life. He had not an ill-wisher in all England and (save only George Payne) not an enemy in the world.

He was hard hit, but not down. He survived the count of time and went on as before for a last round. He attended his last and luckiest Derby in '78, winning £20,000 on "Sefton," which derived from the old Glasgow strain, and the victory must have afforded the old man a triple crown of consolation, satisfaction and renewed hope—but the old Admiral, who abhorred big betting, must have turned in his grave.

In August '78, he was due at Goodwood House for the Races. But on the eve of the meeting he had a slight stroke, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he allowed himself to be taken to Brighton to see if the air would benefit him. He was no sooner there than he realised that his number was up, and he begged to be taken back to London to die in his own house. And there on September 3, he died, conscious to the end and very stoical. He was seventy-five years old.

They laid him beside the Admiral in Kensal Green, in the south-west part of the cemetery to the left of the chapel. The mourning coaches—Lady Ailesbury's, Lady Hastings' and Sir George Chetwynd's—assembled in Queen Street. The Prince was present, and George's nephews, Sir Harry Goodericke and Mr. Paris, were chief mourners, the world of hunting and racing being represented by the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Tattersall, Alec Taylor, and the jockeys Fordham and Chaloner. And that was the end of a chapter . . . or so it was said, until forty-four years later Harry Chaplin died.

The breed of Mytton, it must be admitted, took an unconscionable time dying, and their powers of endurance must be joined with the abiding fascinations of their way of life when we seek for the factors which account for so obstinate a survival.

AUTHORITIES

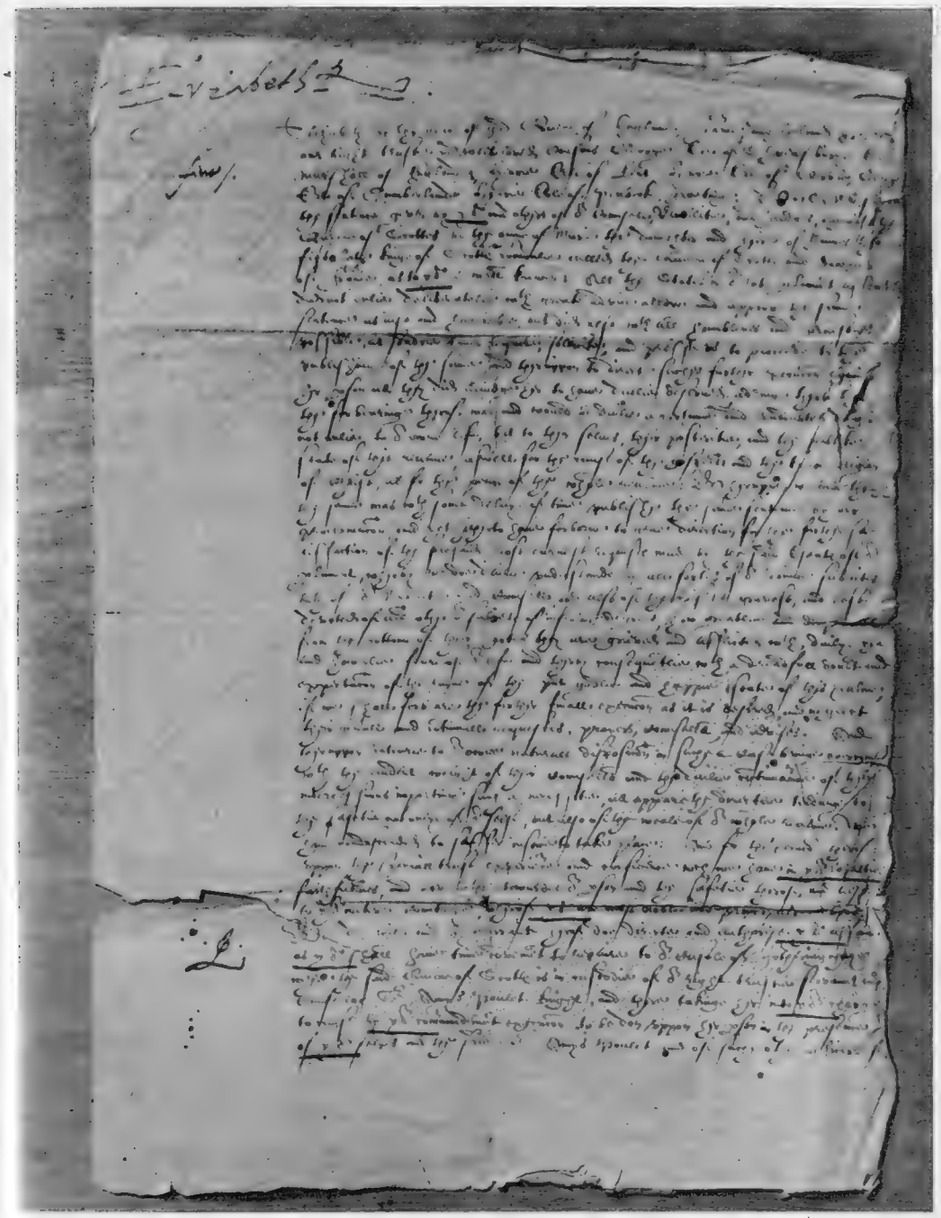
Works of the "Druid" and "Nimrod." Badminton on Racing. Day's Reminiscences. Lady Londonderry's *Henry Chaplin. Green Peas at Christmas;* edited by Sir G. Fleetwood Wilson. *Osbaldeston's Autobiography;* edited by E. D. Cuming. *Annual Register. Times* newspaper. *The Creevey Papers;* edited by Sir H. Maxwell. *Creevey's Life and Times;* edited by John Gore. *Thormanby's "Kings of the Turf." Dictionary of National Biography. Victoria County Histories* (*Northants*); edited by H. A. Doubleday. Personal impressions of Captain Payne, of Billericay, and of Mr. Gerald Grey, of Bath. Information from Major Guy Paget, of Sulby.

END OF SERIES OF NINE ARTICLES

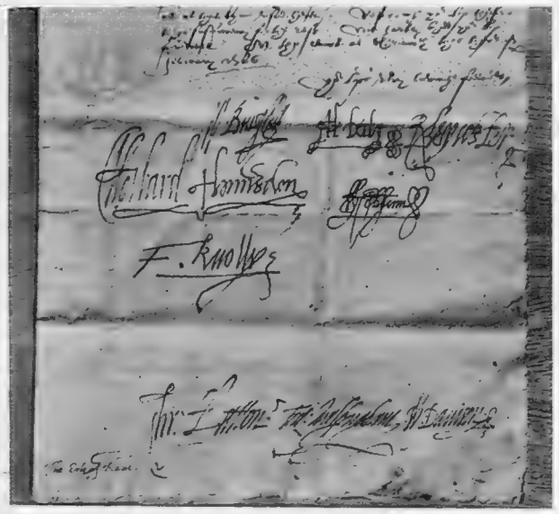
DOSTOEVSKY'S KARAMAZOV BROTHERS ADAPTED FOR THE STAGE

"WHAT MUST I DO TO GAIN ETERNAL LIFE?": Karamazov (Frederick Valk) kneels before Father Zossima (Ernest Milton) and is told abruptly that he knows very well what to do. "Don't give way to drunkenness and incontinence of speech," declares Zossima. "Don't give way to lust, and above all rid your heart from the love of money." This dramatic scene takes place in Act I of "The Brothers Karamazov," which has been adapted by Alec Guiness from Dostoevsky's novel and has recently been presented at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Seated on the left are Ivan Karamazov (Raymond Jaquerello) and Miusov (Douglas Bradley Smith)

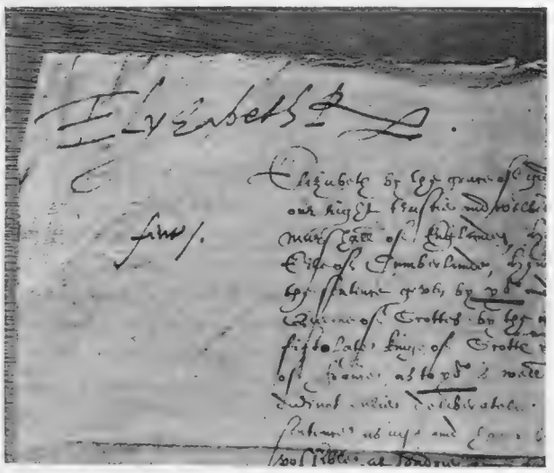
***On left*—OPERA AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC: The Count (played by Leslie Herbert) apologises to the Countess (Marian Hughes), while Susanna (Isobellita Alonso) looks on delighted. A scene from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," which was given recently by a dual cast at the Guildhall School of Music. The School has a great theatrical tradition, and these operatic productions supplement the normal studies. Mr. Eric Cundall, the Principal of the School, conducted and accompanied the recitatives**



THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: This historic document, bearing in the top left-hand corner the signature of Queen Elizabeth, was sold recently at Sotheby's in London for £230. At the same time the eye-witness account of the execution by Robert Beale, which is reproduced below on right, was also sold. It pays tribute to the Queen's demeanour on the day of execution and bears the signatures of the rest of Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners



MEN WHO SAW MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS DIE: The signatures of the Earl of Kent, the Earl of Shrewsbury and the rest of Queen Elizabeth's Royal Commissioners of the Privy Council appended to the foot of the eyewitness account of Mary's death, written by Robert Beale, the Clerk to the Council. This document was sold at Sotheby's at the beginning of the month and pays a great tribute to Mary's bravery. It was Beale who had the unenviable task at Fotheringay of reading out the Warrant for the execution



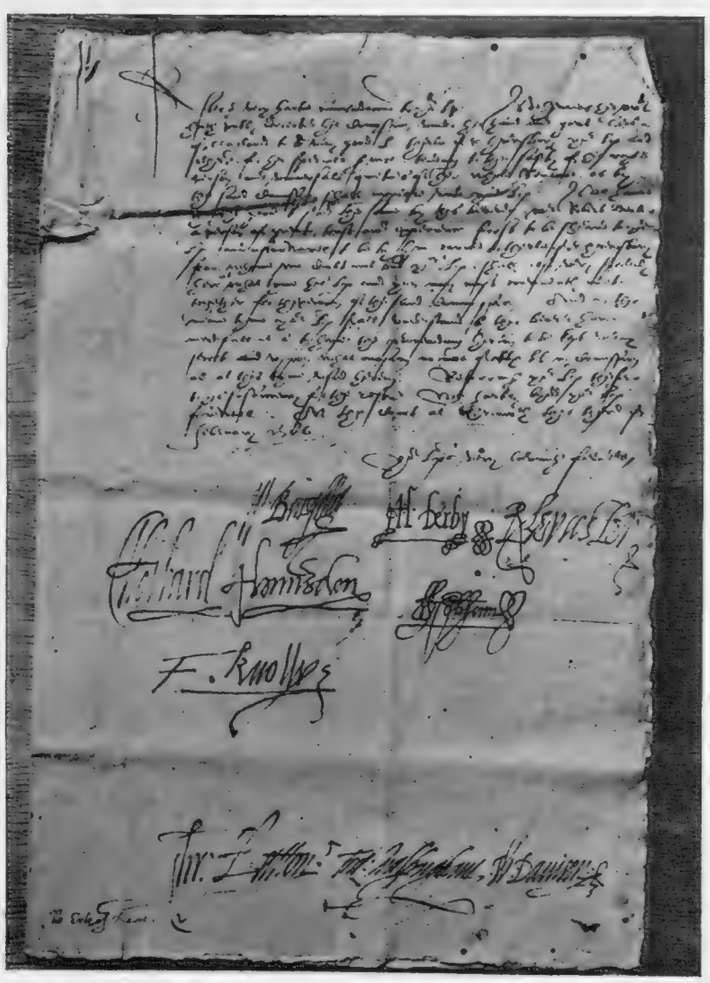
THE RELUCTANT SIGNATURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH: A portion of the execution warrant which the Queen was chary of signing

HOW MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS DIED

An Eye-witness Account which has just been sold at Sotheby's

There are many accounts of the bravery of Mary Queen of Scots at the time of her death at Fotheringay, but that written by Robert Beale, the Clerk to the Privy Council, who actually read out the death warrant in the castle hall, is probably of the most importance, and it attracted much interest when recently brought up for sale at Sotheby's, together with the copy of the original Execution warrant bearing Queen Elizabeth's signature. The warrant was sold for £230. In it Elizabeth's name is spelt with a "y," which was most unusual for her.

THE LAST MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: The Queen is led into the Great Hall at Fotheringay by Sir Amyas Paulet, while the members of her Court stand mourning in the background. Robert Beale, in his manuscript, tells of the Queen's great courage



The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BACK TO BRUDDERSFORD WITH PRIESTLEY

For Sheer Good Writing His Latest Novel Outdistances Anything on the Contemporary Scene: The First of a Burns Trilogy

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY returns to Bruddersford in his new novel, **BRIGHT DAY** (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). It is worth reminding ourselves that it was through his creation of Bruddersford in *The Good Companions* that Mr. Priestley's name became a household word, and that he quickly consolidated his contemporary popularity with that very fine novel *Angel Pavement*, which challenges any other work of fiction published in the decade between the wars.

From then and until now, Mr. Priestley has done many things, and done them superlatively well. More often than not, virtuosity receives the award, or lack of it, accorded to the proverbial prophet in his own country. It is as well to remember, therefore, that Mr. Priestley is *per se* a novelist, and if the sum total of his achievement were to be found only in the works of fiction listed in the preliminary pages of *Bright Day*, he could, without argument, be acclaimed an authentic genius in our generation.

Having said this, I would wish no one to mistake my meaning when I go on to declare that *Bright Day* reaches the summit of his achievement as a novelist. In construction and in craftsmanship it measures up to any of the great classics among novels, while for characterisation, atmosphere, suspense and sheer good writing, it outdistances anything which has appeared on the contemporary scene for many a long day.

For example, let us take the opening in which Gregory Dawson, writing in the first person singular, relates how he, a successful film-script-writer, was staying at a Cornish seaside hotel in order to finish off some work against time. The orchestra which played at tea-time consisted of a baggy-eyed Czech, the pianist, and two young girls from the Royal College working their way through a cheap holiday as violinist and 'cellist respectively.

" It was the slow movement of Schubert's 'B Flat Major Trio,' as I knew at once when the 'cello began the exquisite quiet tone, slowly and gravely rocking in its immeasurable tenderness. A few moments later, when the 'cello went wandering to murmur its regret and the violin with its piercing sweetness curved and rocked in the same little tune, I was far away, deep in a lost world and a lost time. I was back again—young Gregory Dawson, eighteen, shy but sprawling—in the Alingtons' drawing-room in Bruddersford, before the First World War, years and years ago, half a good lifetime away. The thin ribbon of sound pulled back curtain after curtain. People and places that I had thought had dwindled and faded to the dimmest shades of memory, to smudged scrawls in an old diary, came flashing back, burningly alive, as the music went winding through my heart like a slow procession of fire-raisers. The Alingtons' house . . . the office and warehouse in Canal Street . . . and the cottages on the moors . . . and all the Alingtons—Oliver, Eva, Bridget and the rest—and their friends . . . Uncle Miles and Aunt Hilda and the whist-players . . . and Ackworth and Old Sam and the others in Canal Street . . . and the wool samples in their blue paper seemed close to my fingers . . . and somehow I could smell lilac and the bitter scent, so long forgotten, of summer dust pitted with raindrops . . . and over the ling on Broadstone Moor the larks were rising again."

JAMES BARKE, AUTHOR OF "THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY": This is the first volume of a trilogy which is to present the life-history of Robert Burns in the form of a novel. The complete work is to be called *Immortal Memory*, and the first volume is published in anticipation of the 150th anniversary of the poet's death. Mr. Barke has been planning this novel for over twenty years, and he has devoted considerable research to the subject. He himself is Scottish, being the son of Galloway parents, and he went to live in Glasgow when still in his teens

Sitting in the lounge " stiffly, not talking, not listening to the music (they had never cared anything for music), but just resisting the vast somnolence of the after-tea lounge atmosphere, still on guard," were Lord and Lady Harndean, whose presence was to awaken those memories of Bruddersford when, as Malcolm and Eleanor Nixey, they broke in upon, and were subsequently to break up, the happy family of the Alingtons.

How deftly Mr. Priestley manages the counterpoint of plot, between the youth, clutching so avidly at snatches of love, life and happiness on the fringes of his acquaintance with the Alington family, and the worldly-wise, comfortable and successful Gregory Dawson, so much at home and at his ease with glamorous film-stars, producers, agents and all the affluent characters of the world of the present.

So easy, in the nostalgia of those days remembered from Bruddersford, to have succumbed to the temptation to romanticise the Alingtons into a sentimental fulfilment of their happiness. But life, insists Mr. Priestley, is not like that.

At this point, let me interpolate that if this were a Russian novel, the power and pity with which Mr. Priestley invests the tragedy of the individual and several members of this family, would be hailed as masterly. At his command they go to their doom, with almost Greek inevitability, and it is through their tragedy that Gregory Dawson finds a solution to his own problem. Elizabeth Earl might have been—could have been—everything that was desirable. That would have been the easy and comfortable answer, but again, life is not like that. So we come to the climax, not only believing passionately in the rightness of Gregory's incongruous choice, but failing to see how it could be otherwise.

Here, then, is a great novel, written with authority; the authority of craftsmanship and experience, and with that wisdom and understanding which alone is genius.

Mr. James Barke has written the first volume in a trilogy which, when completed, will be a biography in novel form of the life of Robert Burns, and this first book has been published to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the poet's death. **THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY** (Collins. 9s. 6d.) covers the life of Burns for his first twenty-five years of bitter poverty.

Robert was the son of William Burns, a Scottish peasant farmer of Ayrshire who contrived to bring up a large family not only with such humanity as his condition allowed but with a remarkable degree of education. The father, in fact, can truthfully be said to have been responsible for at least some of the brilliant facets of the son's reputation, for without him Robert would have had little more than the rudiments of schooling and no approach to that classic education which was to be his. With his three brothers and three sisters, Robert, a delicate child, was to grow up on a bleak hillside farm where the workaday life was brutal, not because of their father's discipline but because of the soil in which they all had to work, the weather, the poor seed, the inadequate gear and labour, and above all, the lack of money. For William Burns, two sure articles of faith existed: that education was the one certain specific against poverty as sure as the fear of the Lord was the certain specific against sin. " His family might be poor; but if only he could provide them with education, they would be equipped to battle with life above the level of the clay from which they delved their bread."

Young Robert realised and even appreciated the strength in his father that was his early support, and with his own natural alertness and craving for knowledge he learned quickly, but, although he was strictly brought up, he was no puritan himself, and was only a boy when he first fell in love and first started to write such lovely songs as the one from which Mr. Barke has chosen a verse as preface:

" He 'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a'.
He 'll be a credit till us a':
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin!"

For some of us the poetry of Burns needs more patient study than the work of other poets because of its idiom, and, in a different degree, this is true of Mr. Barke's writing, but if the reader can deal with the " trachling in the glaur and gitter," he will be able to master a biography unusual in detail and sentiment.

SHE CLAIMS TO BE A DAUGHTER OF RASPUTIN Mrs. Maria Rasputin Bern seen as she testified in court at Los Angeles when gaining a divorce from her husband, Gregory Bern, an electrical engineer, whom she met thirty-seven years ago in a Siberian village. Mrs. Bern says that she is the daughter of Gregory Rasputin, the fanatical monk who obtained such a profound influence over the Tsaritsa in pre-Revolutionary Russia. She has written two books about Rasputin, and declares that the secret of his extraordinary career lay in his remarkable powers of telepathy, his personal magnetism, and his cult of superstition

LILY PONS IN LONDON: The celebrated French-born soprano lunching with her husband, Andre Kostelanetz, shortly after her arrival. She arranged to appear with M. Kostelanetz in a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on June 16 and in another concert on Sunday, June 23, the latter in the presence of the Queen. The proceeds of to-morrow's concert go to the Commandos' Benevolent Fund

The most recent command to be celebrated in prose by Lieut.-Commander Nicholas Monsarrat is **H.M. FRIGATE** (Cassell. 2s.), the successor to his commands in corvettes, and once again a little book that holds in its small compass much of the essence of the long, cold and desperate war. Mr. Monsarrat's new command was an American-built frigate which he joined in Boston, and in Boston he stayed for eight months with his ship's company.

During this period, which was sometimes one of boredom and constantly one of frustration, Mr. Monsarrat visited New York and the surrounding countryside from time to time. His findings about American life in general have been set down in a letter to a friend and are amusing and sensible, if not particularly fresh. But by far the most important part of his book, as always, is the account of the life at sea and the life on board ship. It wouldn't be a Monsarrat book if it didn't contain some of the best naval anecdotes of the year, and my pick of these is his story of the flagship which signalled to him, " What are you?" Us: " American-built frigate." She: " Will you be our gum-chum?"

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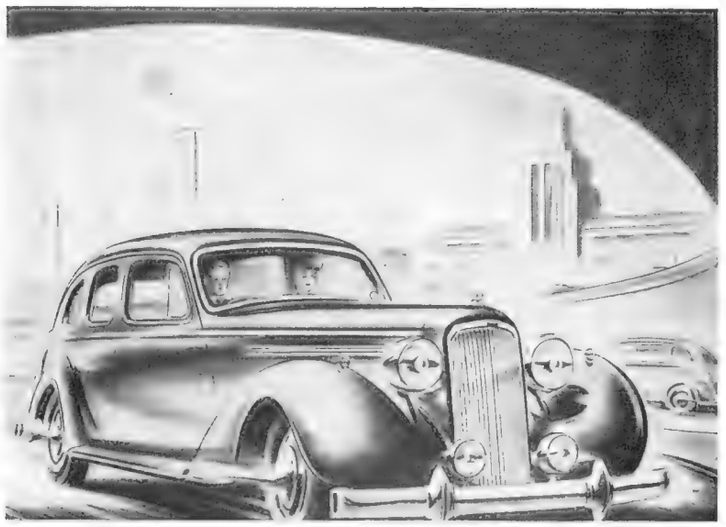

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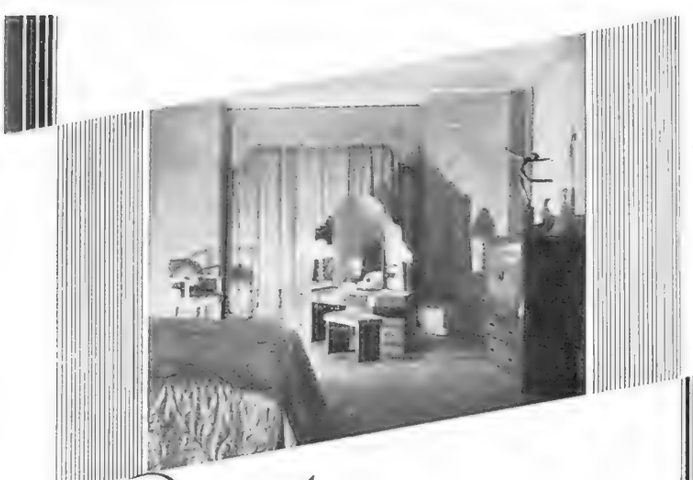

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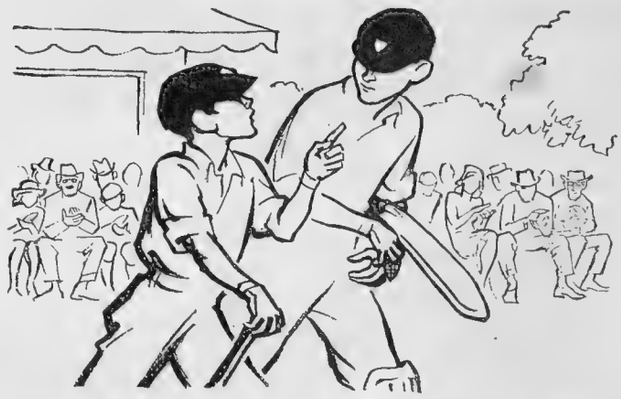

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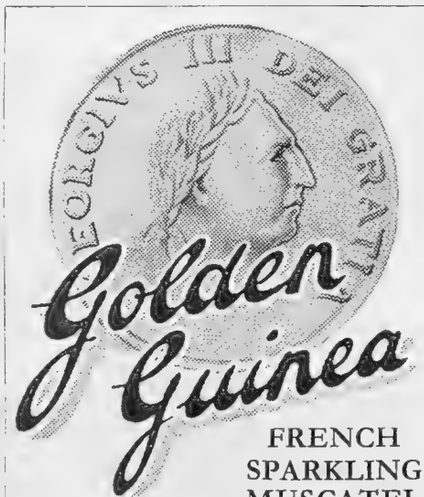

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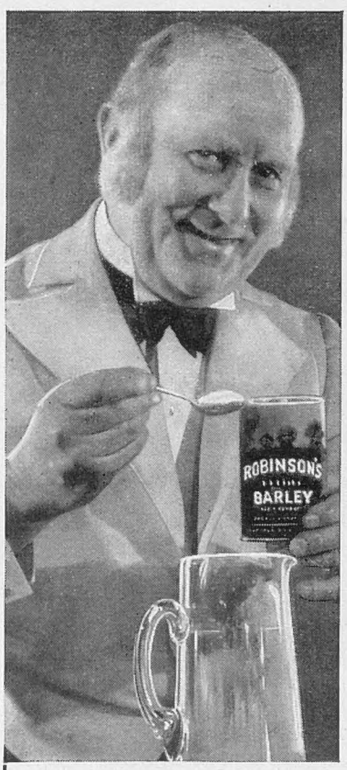

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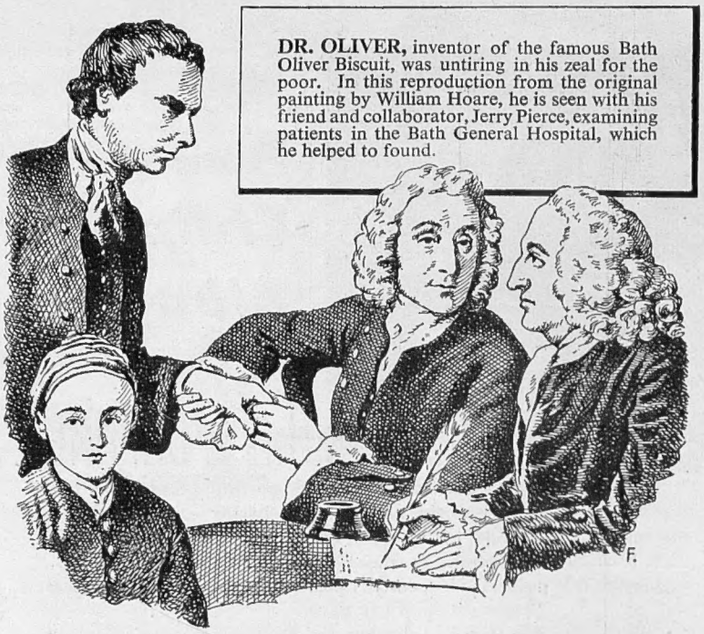

DR. OLIVER, inventor of the famous Bath Oliver Biscuit, was untiring in his zeal for the poor. In this reproduction from the original painting by William Hoare, he is seen with his friend and collaborator, Jerry Pierce, examining patients in the Bath General Hospital, which he helped to found.

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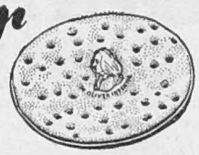

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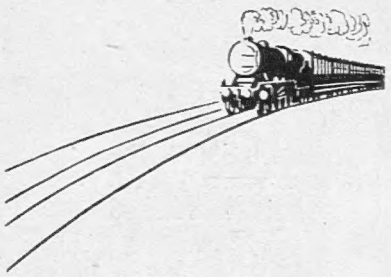

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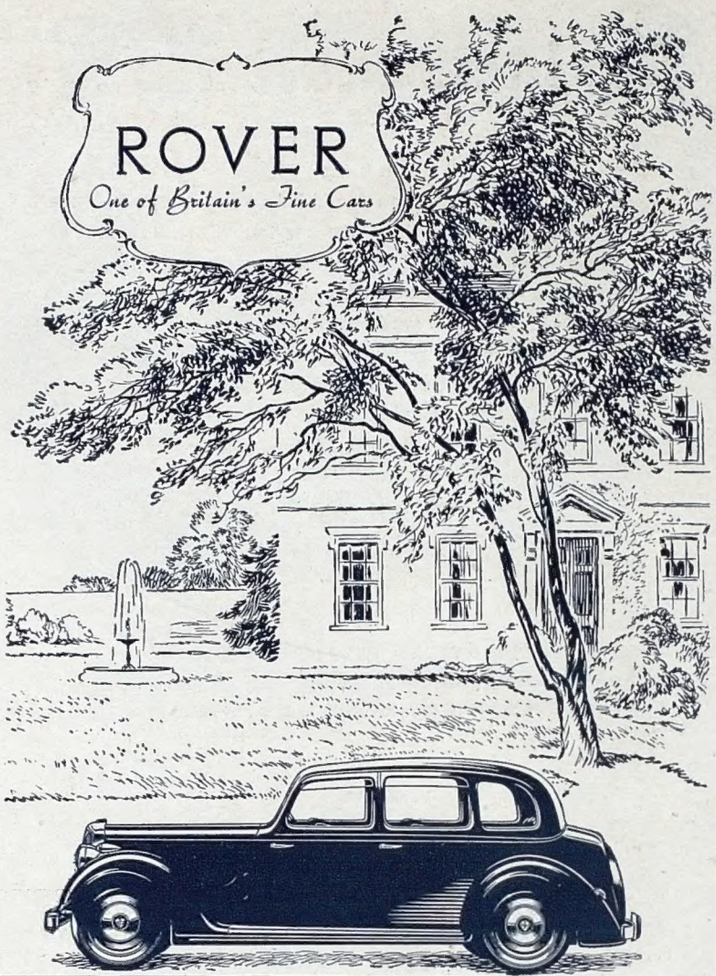

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